

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Recently a deputation waited upon Attorney-General Mowat in favor of the amendment in the Ontario Medical Act, which would make the practice of faith cure and Christian science a serious offence. It is said that Mr. B. B. Ossler while arguing in favor of the amendment and finding Mr. Mowat opposed to granting what was being asked for, got off one of those sharp sayings for which he is so celebrated. "I am not surprised," said he, "in view of the Attorney-General's recent pamphlet on the Evidences of Christianity, that he is not in favor of making a crime in the nineteenth century of what was a miracle in the first."

Rev. Manley Benson preached last Sunday on "Gossips"—a good subject. I want to preach for a few minutes on the scandal monger, who, without regard to sex, is a despicable character and yet to a greater or less degree ninety-five per cent. of men and women in both the upper and lower walks of life cannot conceal the interest they take in other people's conduct and affairs. It is not natural that they should do so. New things are scarce and it takes a well balanced mind to reject as unworthy of being listened to, the comments of companions who have something to say about their neighbors. If the mere mention of a fact unaccompanied by a damaging tone, a wag of the head or a cruel innuendo ended the matter, so much harm would not be done. However, people who make remarks even innocently and without desire to tarnish a reputation, must remember that the mind of the one hearing them may be in such a condition as to take a wrong meaning from what is said. As it is so difficult to speak of another's conduct without doing harm and as people are so fond of gossiping, it certainly behoves those who desire to keep their reputation unclouded to conduct themselves in the most circumspect manner. To no one does this apply more than to the young and attractive married woman. From having had many admirers and a great deal of liberty she passes into a sphere where she should have but one privileged admirer of the male sex and no liberties as far as flirtations are concerned. It is difficult for her to realize that this change has come about. Indeed, her very loneliness inclines her to surround herself with masculine friends who may in a measure supply the excitement and mixed companionship to which she has been accustomed. If she does so she may as well understand from the very beginning that she is sowing the seeds of discord and taking innumerable chances of that dreadful condition known as being "talked about." We may despise Mrs. Grundy, but we should take great pains not to give Mrs. Grundy reason to despise us.

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In my walks this fine weather I occasionally meet a young and very handsome married woman in company with a man who is neither her husband nor a gentleman. He bends over her and she gazes up at him in a very confidential way while they stroll along, as if anxious not to be overheard. I do not know how the husband feels about it, but I have such thorough confidence in her innate goodness and honesty that I wish that I were her mother for about fifteen or twenty minutes and thereby privileged to give her a talking to and the other maternal *etceteras*. I have heard half-a-dozen people mention the matter, not one of them said a word against her, but when they spoke of her husband they wondered what he was thinking about. I cannot help doing some wondering myself. Now no woman has a right to do anything to cause her husband to be wondered at or sneered at. She is the custodian of his honor. Even if he is perfectly satisfied to permit the companionship which is creating remark, his kindness and faith deserve a better reward than they are receiving. Some day she will hear some cruel and heart-piercing criticism from an angry or envious friend. What is worse, her husband will hear something that will make him tremble with rage and sorrow, and he will hear it from somebody who will probably make it look and sound as nasty as possible. Probably he will be twitted with it by a tipsy companion at the club. Great God! how wounding it will be to them both! Then why should this pretty goose play with the fox and arrange for misery if not a matrimonial estrangement? The things that are said may be undeserved, yet when the agony of resentment comes upon her she cannot say that she has been without fault. And then, women are but women, weak and foolish often, and men are but men, masterful and villainous often, and the end of it all may be much worse than even that which I have suggested.

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Of the men who flutter about and compromise young and "flirty" married women, I can think of nothing good to say. They know, if the woman does not, what it all means. Of the man with or without a reputation for social honor who induces a married woman, the wife perhaps off personal friend, to compromise herself by accepting his companionship and attentions, there is nothing to be said except that he is an infernal scoundrel. She need not expect him to defend her when evil is being spoken. If he intended to be her defender he would keep her from occupying a position where she must need defence. In at least nine cases out of ten such a man will laugh when his companions tell him that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Even if there is nothing wrong in their relations he will permit it to be

believed that there is. Such thorough-paced scoundrels seem to take a pride in being thought sufficiently attractive to have a woman ruin herself for them. If such a man is enamored of the woman his villainy is not lessened by the fact that as far as he is capable he is in love with her. What has he to offer her? Why should he dare offer her anything?

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

Has he the art, has any man the art to soothe

According to market reports and bills for household expenses the McKinley Bill has not reduced the profits of the farmers. Hay at \$15 to \$16 per ton, oats at sixty cents per bushel remind the owners of horses that keeping them is costly. Cheap wheat in the United States and Canada does not give us noticeably cheap bread; butter has been melting in the spring warmth at thirty cents and choice cuts of beef at twenty cents a pound. Unless middle men are making enormous profits the farmer cannot complain of ruling prices. Toronto is not a cheap place to live and as a home market it deserves something better than the

the Conservative statesmen. In the colonies the leading men, the men who are the exponents of public opinion, are Imperial Federationists and the people are at heart the same. Added to the unnumbered thousands of Imperial Federationists who are strong both in British sentiment and on the trade question, the United Empire Trade League presents an ever increasing host of Britons who believe in Great Britain for the British. The General Council of the League, alone, includes sixty-five members of parliament and four peers. Moreover, the British House of Commons has been asked to protect the United Kingdom from the

elected M. P. exceeding sad. It means work to be done, worries to be suffered, money to be spent, perchance a hat to be passed around and humiliation to be endured even if the seat is retained. Then there is the chance of being unseated, disqualified! Even the thought of a new election with its handshakings and speech-making, the painful endurance—not to mention the solicitation of the patronage—of those the candidate feels to be his inferiors, the smoky committee rooms, the angry caucus, the everything of an election contest, are enough to keep men from being awfully jolly as they jog towards Ottawa to take their uncertain seat.

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Aside from protests the prospect is not entirely pleasing. The old timers smell fight in the air and the governmental warriors have no taste for some of the scandals which it is expected will be offered for investigation. Reciprocity cannot be a real issue in the House, but it may furnish an excuse to some of those French fellows, who are loyal only to their wallet and incidentally generous to Quebec, for going into Opposition. Inconveniently enough there is the nasty French-Canadian question of Separate Schools and dual language in the North-West, with the none too remote possibility of D'Alton McCarthy, as in duty bound, making matters more difficult by adding a considerable quantity of oleaginous matter to the fat which is already in the fire. Thus it is apparent to us all that the governmental picnic grounds are rocky, over run with thistles and burrs, with perhaps a few snakes suspected to be thereabouts to make the elect nervous and alert. The re-union of the old men and the gathering together of the new ones may be a joyful and harmonious occasion, but there will be fighting before they start for home. Sir Richard has loaded his big guns with scrap iron and rusty nails, the swords of his henchmen are dipped in "pizen stuff," and the whole crowd propose to wound even if they can't kill. There are too many bye-elections in sight for any glove-contests, and while Edward Blake's polished rhetoric would be unrolling itself were he there, the rocks and clubs of a Donnybrook dispute will be chasing one another through the air. Perhaps it is because I feel so sure of Sir John being sustained, possibly it may be that I am fond of a fight, but I am waiting anxiously to see the fun.

"When McCarthy takes the flue."

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It is to be hoped that the able author of *Toronto Called Back* has been finally called down. He may not be aware of it but this city could be induced by private subscription to raise a considerable amount to keep him from ever mentioning the subject again.

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The meeting of the National Teachers' Association in Toronto, from July 14-17, will be locally, one of the most important events of the year. It is expected that at least nine thousand teachers, the best educationalists of America, will be present accompanied by from six to ten thousand of their friends, making by far the greatest influx of visitors we have ever received from the United States within one week. In the office of Secretary Hill of the Industrial Fair Association the other day, I was shown letters from states stretching from California to North Carolina, and from New Mexico to Minnesota, all indicating the determination of teachers to avail themselves in large numbers of the extremely low rates of transportation from their homes to Toronto. The railroads will carry them for a single fare to Toronto and return and allow them until September to make the trip. A large number will stay here all summer, visit Muskoka and enjoy themselves on the great lakes. Others have written as to the opportunities for studying modern languages in Toronto; enquiries are being received as to the possibility of obtaining furnished houses, families desiring to spend the hot months here, and altogether it is so great an event and so full of importance to this city both for the time being and the reputation we shall obtain amongst our visitors, that nothing should be left undone to treat them properly. The money being asked for is not to wine and dine them or to drive them about in hacks hired at from ten to fifteen dollars a day, but is for the legitimate expenses of printing, obtaining offices for them to transact their business in, for postage to disseminate literature, etc. Nine or ten thousand dollars are absolutely required for the legitimate expenses, and the entertainment cannot be expected to be very gorgous at from fifty to seventy-five cents per head. The printing already done, under the able superintendence of Secretary Hill, is an honor to the city and shows how fortunate a choice the executive committee made in giving him charge of such matters. Toronto should not be backward in voting a liberal sum, certainly not less than five thousand dollars, for the proper entertainment of this great gathering of teachers, and the hands of all those who are striving to make the convention a success should be strengthened and upheld by the citizens generally. It is by making Toronto attractive as a place for such gatherings that we obtain our best advertisement, and the matter is this year in the hands of those who may be relied upon to prevent it from degenerating into a fake.

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While I feel no personal disposition to criticise the Dominion Government in the placing of Hon. John Carling in the Senate in order that he may retain his portfolio, I must say it is not in harmony with the spirit of our institutions. "Responsible government" is supposed to be conducted by cabinet ministers who, as such, have been accepted by the electorate. The con-



HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

the melancholy of a ruined life? What charm has he to make her forget what she sacrificed for him, husband, home, friends, the respect of those who knew her, the love of those who trusted her? Somewhere in Hamlet Shakespeare says to woman, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." But if she lay herself open to these things how much less can she hope to escape the tongue of scandal and the sorrow which comes with having a history—a history which her husband will never be permitted to forget, a history which will be a cloud on her own happiness and on the reputation of her children?

envy and criticism of smaller places and rural districts.

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The Canadian opponents of Imperial Federation are continually asserting that Great Britain will never agree to the slightest abandonment of free trade. They are wrong. Never was there a time since the repeal of the corn laws when the tide ran so strongly and from so many directions in favor of a tariff discriminating against foreigners and in favor of the colonies. The Imperial Federation League, with Lord Rosebery as its head, includes many of the leading Liberals of England and nearly all of

paupers who are seeking shelter in the Islands, and the movement of the times is certainly in the direction of Britons taking better care of themselves and less of those whose flag is foreign and whose tariff is hostile.

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The Conservative members of parliament whom I have seen en route to Ottawa, are not in the gay humor of those going to a picnic. Thirty odd protests have been filed against the election of supporters of the government and some forty against oppositionists. This record of the courts convinces both sides that the others "do protest too much" and are of unsound virtue. A protest makes a recently

tinuance of Mr. Carling in office, after his re-election by the electors, is indefensible from a constitutional standpoint, quite as much so as if, without appointing him to the Senate, the government had retained him as Minister of Agriculture. One of the weaknesses of "responsible government," and one which really makes it irresponsible, is that the acceptance of a cabinet minister by a constituency does not prove his satisfactoriness to the electors at large. Indeed, if a man holding a portfolio is defeated in one constituency it is easy to find a live of governmental supporters to elect him, the man representing that constituency having been removed by the usual method—the promise of a lucrative appointment. Thus, in the selection of cabinet ministers "responsible government" is essentially weak, in fact meaningless, except that the minister has a seat on the floor of the house, and this can be dispensed with by stowing him away in the Upper Chamber. It is also a fact that a ministry once formed and safely ensconced in power, possessing as it does judicial, legislative and executive functions and consequently the vast patronage appertaining thereto, can so entrench itself by an improper use of its prerogatives that its dislodgement becomes exceedingly difficult. In view of this I repeat that any disregard of the spirit of the constitution such as retaining a defeated minister in the Cabinet by means of a seat in the Senate, is an improper and dangerous proceeding. Another phase of the past campaign was the resignation of a senator in order that he might be a candidate for the House of Commons, and though he was defeated he was at once re-appointed to the Senate. Worse still are the frequent appointments made of men who have been in the popular house the tools of the government instead of the representatives of the people and who, having outraged the ideas entertained by their constituents of what is right and defeated on an appeal for re-election, have been thereafter appointed to the Senate to revise the legislation of men chosen by the people. So frequently have such things occurred that the Senate has fallen low in the estimation of the people and is considered the bone-yard of Canadian politics. The practice, since the present election, of retaining men rejected by their constituents, as in the case of Hon. Mr. Carling and Senator Howland, cannot but intensify the dislike and suspicion with which this queer senatorial assortment of decayed politicians is already regarded.

The application to the City Council of a new telephone company for power to use the streets for their cables and wires, has caused a great deal of discussion and made plain the fact, if it has done nothing more, that the citizens of Toronto are universally dissatisfied with the present service and the prices charged. No wonder indeed that subscribers to the Bell telephone system are discontented. Their service has been one of the rankest bungles conceivable and the improvement since rivals began a canvass for customers has not even yet brought it up to a satisfactory grade. The prices too are excessive. This has been admitted by everyone excepting the Bell telephone people themselves. Thus far I think all my readers who are users of a telephone in Toronto, will agree with me. The difference in opinion seems to be whether the new company, which in places where its instruments are in use, gives a much improved service, should be permitted to tear up the streets or string wires aloft throughout the city, or whether a demand shall be made upon the Bell Telephone Company to reduce its prices to those of its competitor and to introduce equally as good instruments and service as its rivals are ready to give. It is also suggested that the Bell Company shall pay a stipulated sum for a ten years' monopoly. In favor of the latter proposition it is very correctly urged that one company is better than two inasmuch as many of the subscribers would have to use both if two were in existence. Naturally enough the public will object to more poles and wires, and at this juncture the Bell people promise to put the wires under ground on all the principal streets. If they reduce the price and promise better service, in fact comply with all the demands made upon them, the new company will be knocked out. This will seem very hard on the newcomers who, at considerable expense no doubt, have secured nearly two thousand subscribers. It is whether this would be a proper way for the City Council to use the new company, whether indeed the moral code which seems to prevail in the treatment of those who are asked to tender for a public franchise or who are led to hope they may obtain a franchise, is a proper one.

On one hand it can be said that if competitors of those already holding public franchises are to be merely utilized to bring their rivals to terms, it will not kill off the competition necessary to keep the citizens from being oppressed by those who should serve them. If the Bell Company is brought to terms by their present rival, even though telephoning should become cheaper in the future by reason of the greater number of subscribers, no new company will be likely to attempt any opposition while the memory of the present deal remains with them. Tenders were recently asked for the building of crematories in which the city garbage was to be destroyed. There happened to be but one man in the country who knew the business, his tender was received and rejected, though its contents were utilized by the council. The recently rejected tenders for the street car franchise having met the same fate, their contents will guide other speculators in reckoning the value of that which is to be disposed of. On the face of it this conduct on the part of the city authorities appears to be wrong and likely to lead to the discouragement of those who should compete and thus leave some of our most valuable assets to be peddled about and disposed of to the favorites of the mayor and aldermen. If our city government were sufficiently efficient and the men likely to be given charge of such enterprises able and honest, the theory that the people's representatives should manage these things for the public benefit might be put in practice, but as every department of our civic affairs is now in a deplorable mess, taxpayers will be very loath to see greater responsibili-

ties thrust upon those who are unable to cope with the tasks already in hand.

While all these things seem to suggest the ill usage of commercial companies seeking to obtain public franchises, there is another view to be taken of the whole matter. No private corporation binds itself to accept the tender it invites, nor is there an individual enterprise which does not profit by creating a proper competition amongst those who desire to serve it. Even those acting for the courts of justice do not bind themselves to accept any tender proffered for the purchase of that which by decree is to be sold. When a private individual undertakes to serve a city and goes to a certain amount of expense to obtain a franchise for himself, he does it at his own risk, fully understanding the chances which are against him. When a company is organized for the same purpose it understands the chances and accepts them. When amended tenders are asked for, those who have already made an offer can either increase it or stay out. The hardships they endure are but those of business. In the case of the telephone company it would almost seem as if the city, should it obtain a great advantage by the proposed competition, should defray the legitimate expenses of the company which brings the Bell telephone people to time—if consumption so devoutly to be hoped for comes about. Yet even this would be a dangerous thing to make a practice of, as bogus companies would be continually trying to work the same scheme to the annoyance of legitimate concern and to the public loss. In the present instance it is merely a question whether it would be possible and right to compensate a company whose *bona fides* cannot be questioned and who, if they bring about a reduction of the prices and a better service, will confer on the people of Toronto a very great favor. The real question in the whole matter is not whether tenders that have been invited and opened, should or should not be rejected if the propositions made therein are not in the city's interests, but whether the tenderer approaching nearest that which is desirable should be compensated for his trouble, in case of fresh tenders being called for he does not receive the franchise. It is an utter absurdity to affirm that two or more undesirable tenders being received one of them must of necessity be accepted, but if they are undesirable and inadequate owing to the fault of those who prepared the specifications the makers of the better one of the two or the best of the lot would seem to have a moral right to be compensated. The council should know its own mind and understand its business well enough to prevent it from leading business men into a wild goose chase after a franchise. That it does not know how to conduct public affairs is to the disadvantage of the people, laying aside a very intangible moral right to compensation, the tenderers are only a few of the unfortunate and will not suffer very much more severely than the citizens generally in consequence of the bungling at the City Hall.

It is to be hoped that the specifications prepared for the new tenders will not be manipulated by the little *coterie* of ward politicians who desire by the absurdity of their demands to prevent any business-like corporation from putting in a bid. The scheme for seizing the street railway and utilizing it as a machine for providing fat salaries for a crew of loafers and incapables, cannot be worked, and the sooner we get down to sensible specifications the better.

Social and Personal.

Toronto's beau monde turned out in great force for the initial and subsequent performances of Iolanthe by the Harmony Club. Without touching upon features of the performance ably dealt with in another column, I should like to add my little treble to the tenor and bass and strike a full chord of gratified praise. The singularly youthful and airy effect of the simple cream robes of those tripping fairies and the contrast between them and the majestic outfit of their queen, was quite surprising. Mrs. Mackelcan was the fairy queen of the incorrigible Sullivan and Gilbert minds, those two who fear not the traditions of their forefathers nor the hilarity of their contemporaries. The funniest moment in the whole opera was when she confessed her *penchant* to the bumbled grenadier. Her naive unconventional outspoken honesty was too comical for anything, and I think sundry spasmodic twitches of her pretty lips betrayed her own sense of the fun. Socially as every other way, the Harmony Club's presentation was a perfect success. I saw in the brilliant crowd Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Miles and party, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, the Misses Hodgins, Mrs. McLean Howard and party, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pellett, Mr. and Mrs. M. Kertland, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Dr. Mrs. and Miss Kertland, Mrs. Alfred and the Misses Gooderham. The audience was a credit to Toronto and an inspiration to the clever amateurs who amused it so successfully. Conductor Herr Schuch had no sinecure in the task of handing up the magnificent floral tributes which were accorded to Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Gilmore and some of the other principals in the play. The quaint remark of the quick-witted Lord Chancellor when he was made the recipient of that vegetable trophy, whose name is not poetical, "Hai! I have amused a market gardener," was another proof of the giddy magnate's happy facility. Funny things not on the bill happened several times and were promptly cheered and laughed at by the audience. Perhaps one of the most fetching was the hearty "Hear, hear," which came from a corner of the opera house to meet the rueful statement of one of the Peers as to his sad lack of mental capacity. Finally, to those who love fun as much as I do and realize alike the labor and the anxiety of getting up successfully an amateur operatic performance, the Iolanthe was an evening of unalloyed enjoyment.

Dr. Kertland sailed for Europe last Tuesday. Mrs. James Grover of St. James avenue gave a pleasant luncheon on Thursday of last week.

Among her guests were Mrs. Foley of Port Hope, Mrs. John Grover, Mrs. Giles, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. J. M. Wright, Mrs. C. Kirby, Mrs. R. H. Humphries, Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. Rataan and Mrs. G. K. Powell. A unique feature of the gathering was the fact that four of the party are well on in life, their combined ages reaching three hundred and thirty-one years.

Mr. Frank McCausland and Miss Maggie Brown were married on Tuesday last at St. James's square Presbyterian church. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. McCausland left for a tour of American cities. The firm with which Mr. McCausland has been connected for ten years presented him last Saturday with a handsome brass piano lamp and their sincere good wishes.

Mr. Hugh Skinner, a well known Hamiltonian, has gone to New York as agent of the Austrian Government for the sale of its export tobaccos. Mr. Skinner will in future reside in New York.

Rev. A. H. Stone of Rochester was in town this week.

A marriage has been arranged between Miss Emma C. Baillie, eldest daughter of Mrs. Henry Smith of Toronto, and Mr. W. H. Wilson of London, England. Miss Baillie left Toronto last January and is now visiting her uncle, Rev. H. A. Goodwin, vicar of Owlerton, Yorkshire.

Mr. O. P. St. John was the recipient of a handsome locket and address from the Canadian Marine Engineers Association previous to his departure for British Columbia.

Alderman Gillespie left an estate of \$70,000. Mr. F. R. Gillespie of New York and Mr. H. C. Dixon are his executors.

The Young Liberals will close the present season with two lectures. On May 4 Mr. William Houston, and on May 11, Prof. Goldwin Smith will talk on the Quebec Act of 1774, and Aristocracy.

Mrs. Philip Drayton and Miss Jeannette Drayton are en route for England.

The French Club will meet at Mrs. Beard's, 317 Jarvis street, this evening. Arrangements are being made for a *souper dansante*, to be given in a week or two, as a close to the successful season of the club.

Quite a feature in the advertisements is made of the costumes worn by the opera company playing here this week. They are pretty, but not pretty enough nor new enough to be worthy of any special notice. I don't know that I didn't enjoy raggy little Kitty Clover's ballad singer's tatters most of them all. Such large holes in one's stockings have the spice of novelty anyway. And the Sedan chair came in as a relic of bygone days. It looked grand and stately, but nowadays haven't we bicycles?

Which reminds me of something that will soon be interesting to you, both socially and personally. I refer to the proposed formation of a ladies' bicycle club. It is on the *laps*, and some of our Toronto ladies are becoming smitten with the cycling fever, just as I knew they would if they ever tried the giddy wheel.

Mr. Harry Davies has been explaining to me the true inwardness of a not-to-be-excelled Safety. As I noted the improvements and the easiness and the cunningly-devised strength and lightness and durability of the newest importation, it seemed to me that I must! I hope next week to have ready some definite statement about the new club and its promoters and some suggestions to those desirous of becoming members thereof.

Another Wednesday wedding was that of Mr. George P. E. Nichol and Miss Christina Ewing. Rev. Wm. Hunter officiated, the ceremony taking place at the residence of Mrs. Ewing, mother of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Nichol have gone west for the honeymoon.

A charming musicalie was given by Mr. H. Baratta Mull and his pupils last Wednesday. The reception committee was composed of the following gentlemen: Dr. Cowan, Dr. Capon, Messrs. H. R. O'Reilly, Angus Morrison, A. O. Hurst and R. J. Gibson. A pleasant dance followed the musical programme.

Mr. G. W. Badgerow and family, who have been spending the latter part of the winter in St. Augustine, Florida, are now in Charleston, S. C. They intend spending a couple of weeks at Old Point Comfort, Va., and expect to arrive home about May 22. Mr. Badgerow's health, s. correspondent informs me, is much improved.

The Young Liberal-Conservative Club's banquet at the Walker House on Monday night was in every respect successful.

Mr. Neilson, who passed through Toronto on his way from England to the North-West, was entertained on Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Fitch of Atherly, Jarvis street. Mr. Neilson contemplates a most enjoyable fishing and hunting tour.

Mrs. John L. Renton of Kingston is the guest of her sister, Mrs. St. John of Cameron street.

Mrs. Marjorie Campbell and Miss Strange left for England on Monday last, where they intend to remain for about three months, after which they will probably return via Halifax, at which place they will make a short stay.

Mr. Percival Ridout of Rosedale House has returned to town owing to the illness of his mother. Mrs. P. Ridout will not return for some weeks to come.

The Toronto Lawn Tennis Club is expected very shortly to open its gates to the members of the club for the season of 1891, which bids fair to be one of the best on record.

Few or no changes have taken place in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club as a result of the

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with velvet pansies and sprays of lilac and silver cord. Miss Lola Powell, the younger bride, was dressed in a finely embroidered white muslin with a broad white broaded sash. Both young ladies wore long tulle veils fastened with pansies and lilies of the valley and carried bouquets of pink roses and lilies. White kid mosquitoire gloves completed the costume. The bridegroom's gift to them was a fine gold ring, each set with a diamond and pearl respectively. Mrs. Powell's dress was of black lace over violet poplin, the only ornament being natural violets. Miss Maud Powell wore a dress of embroidered white muslin with turquoise blue sash, white hat trimmed with tulle and daisies and turquoise silk gloves.

Among the donors of wedding gifts were the Governor-General and Lady Stanley, General and Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Lady Macdonald, the Dowager Countess of Cavan and many other equally well known notables. Mr. and Mrs. Sladen will include Toronto in their wedding tour.

The Deer Park Athletic Association gave a concert at Deer Park some days ago. The thanks of the members and audience are due to those ladies and gentlemen whose efforts secured for the entertainment a gratifying success.

M. George Coutellier goes next week to Ottawa to deliver a series of French lectures in that city. A most promising school has just been established in Barrie by this energetic and enthusiastic professor.

Mr. and Mrs. John Charlton visited Toronto this week.

Miss Fanny Smith of Rivermount gives an afternoon tea to day.

Mrs. Lydia Leavitt is leaving for England shortly. She intends bringing out her new book in the early autumn, either in England or the States.

Mr. Walter Cassella was married on Wednesday to Miss Esther Eugenie Lownsborough. The wedding took place at half-past two, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. John Morrison, Jarvis street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hume Browne have returned from their wedding tour. Mrs. Browne will receive all next week at 29 Bellevue avenue.

Rev. G. M. Milligan has gone to Kingston for the closing of Queen's University. He is the guest of Mr. John Carruthers.

Dr. Tyrrell was married on Wednesday. His bride was Miss Rebecca Grant, daughter of the late William Grant of Kingston. The wedding took place in All Saints' church, Hamilton, the ceremony being performed by Rev. A. H. Baldwin and Rev. Rural Dean Forneret. Miss Grant Macdonald and Mr. Charles Headly acted as maid of honor and groomsmen. Dr. and Mrs. Tyrrell make their wedding tour in the Eastern and Southern States.

Count and Countess Maleissye and Viscount Maleissye spent some days in Toronto this week.

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(Continued on Page Twelve.)

Paris Kid Glove Store

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Between You and Me.

Spring weddings have come upon us this month in numbers. Ministers, doctors, lawyers and clerks have faded from their accustomed haunts for a time and are tasting the moon of honey in such near or distant hiding places as their taste and purses permit. I wonder if any of their bonny brides were so naughty as Lady Cecilia Howard, who said decidedly before her marriage the other day that she wouldn't promise to obey her husband. And what do you think of the person who read the service and omitted for the naughty girl that objectionable phrase? And is she married all right or will some bishop insist upon having the ceremony over again?

There is a comical story about an ancestor of Sir Walter Scott's who was about to be hung by his victorious rival, when the victor's wife interposed and expostulated thus: "Would you hang the winsome young ladd when ye have three ill-favored daughters to marry?" So the great Sir Walter's ancestor was given his choice either to marry micklemouthed Meg or to hang. At first he stoutly preferred the latter alternative, but at the last moment he changed his mind. Meg made him a capital wife and Sir Walter was one of the direct descendants of this peculiar marriage.

I have had a good many quiet smiles which I am heartily ashamed of, at the lares and penates of my fellow citizens on moving day. One sees such funny old relias piled on the last wagon load! A bust of our premier crowned with a foot bath and reposing on a nest of old pots and pans looked irresistibly comical as it jolted down one of our handsome streets this morning.

Here in Toronto, as over in England, those unhappy people, the census enumerators, have their little amusement by the way. "Please ma'am, the gentleman has come for the scented paper," says one rosy maid. "Misus is sick, but I can tell you how old she is—and I'll tell you true!" says another too knowing one. "There has been a death in the family," remarks another, and it bothers her that the pet canine's decease isn't duly recorded. In our enlightened and less suspicious country the troubles of a census-taker can only be imagined. The ignorance, stupidity and suspicion that put lions in his way don't develop here as in the Mother Country.

Have you happened to read about the venturesome Mrs. Sheldon who has begun a journey into the interior of Africa? And can you imagine the kind of woman who would dare the trial to her constitution, her nerves and her modesty which her trip will certainly entail? Stanley says, in his honest way, that no woman of culture and modesty can accomplish it, and don't you wonder what sort of pictures her Kodak will divulge to the civilized world on her return, that is supposing she ever does return! She is a pretty woman enough—with a gentle smile and soft dreamy eyes. There is a Mr. Sheldon but he isn't going! She says she wants to study the natives in their uncivilized state before they get spoiled by culture. I suppose culture means clothes, morals and cleanliness, and I should certainly prefer them cultured, shouldn't you?

Two weeks ago I mentioned (Between You and Me) that I had received a letter which was sufficiently interesting to comment upon in these columns. I commented—woe is me! By a morning post a few days ago came a severe overhauling as follows: "I am neither stupid, shy nor ill-informed, nor is my life a secluded one. I am well versed in politics, science, theology and most of the leading topics of the day, also enjoy the distinction of being a fair public writer, am never at a loss for an interesting subject with which to interest my callers." Good gracious! I should say not! Just fancy an ordinary creature like you or me presuming to suggest culture to this walking encyclopedia! She also has a "very clever husband," and as I read that a misty fancy that I must have roused up the ghost of Jane Carlyle made my hardy spirit quail within me. But I can't resist quoting once more from her, scared as I am. "I have frequently kept up many discussions through the press." "I cannot say I wish for anything better than I now possess but I would like to see some folks with a little more enlightenment than they now enjoy." Now for calm self-conceit and benignant superiority as well as elegance of diction, isn't that sentence entitled to a red ticket?

What shall I say to my correspondent? And why is it that with all her wondrous advantages of learning and so forth she can't direct her weaker sisters into pastures new and leave untouched the broad fields of domestic service? Think of her scope: "Theology, science, politics and all the leading questions of the day." Why with half that I would run a women's convention! With my life in my hand I will venture to suggest that the three first named topics are rather heavy for an afternoon call—something as if one offered you a plate of roast beef and potatoes instead of a sip of tea and a wafer. I can fancy this hostess marching up her battalions and paralyzing me when I popped in with my card case for five minutes' chat, wanting only to tell a little funny story or chat lightly over a new book or tell her how pretty Iolanthe was, or how much I wanted to laugh at—never mind who! And the gas would go out of my light and soda-watery frivolities and I would be unhappy enough to tell her how trying my Jane Anne was about the furnace, etc. All of which is respectfully submitted!

One of the surest signs of culture is the ability to begin, sustain and direct a conversation. The tempestuous woman who has not disciplined her tongue, her nerves and her temper, cannot sustain nor direct though she may begin well. The self-conscious and undecided woman after she has once begun, may go ricocheting along without serious catastrophe. It is the start she needs most. The superior creature, perhaps, is the most disastrous failure of all. She who begins in a patronizing and unnatural tone to ask you what you think of the discovery of the Aristotle papyrus and continues to mentally walk over you and

trample you under foot with her nose in the clouds and her voice slightly elevated also! Such an one rouses all the naughtiness in me. I have a friend who says, "Oh, pahaw! I couldn't bother selecting a subject. I just say whatever comes into my head. Be natural, that's my motto!" Her untutored utterances are truly awful sometimes and represent the ragged edges of conversation, the wrong side out of ideas, the careless unintelligible slang and patois. The cultured conversationalist is rare. He or she who with bright smile or grave respect or tactful sympathy brings from the mind's treasury things new and old, who can be interrupted by the rude with equal equanimity and unconcern, I have in my mind's eye such a *rava avis*, who exacts my closest attention and at the same time stimulates my interest, who, sitting in his wide easy chair, with low voice and observant eye talks quietly, listens appreciatively and sends me always away the better and the richer for the interview. I know another who, filled to the brim with knowledge assorted and available, yet lacking sympathetic impulse, stalks through the world like a sealed up gem jar full of jam. One knows the good things are there but no one tastes them.

Now, the great first cause of all this, my preachment, is the grumbling which has reached my ears from various quarters as to the inanity of the chatter which one hears in fashionable or any feminine circles nowadays. Well, one can't always have sensible talk and learned discussions though, if one has something to talk about and someone to listen, the most incongruous surroundings will not make much difference. Notice, I don't say someone to talk to—the world is peopled with folk who are talked to, but few and far between are folk who *listen*! How else can one account for the weekly congregation, sitting restive or calm while the person speaks of things that ought to burn into their ears if only they were listening, but they aren't.

And so, in order to cultivate conversation we must begin by cultivating ourselves, hushing the hasty judgment and pruning the careless speech and encouraging the ready sympathy and storing away the carefully selected information and studying the signs of the times and the tastes of the people.

LADY GAY.

Shadow and Sunshine.

The day has been vague and the sky has been bleak, And things have gone backward the whole day long; The friends as I met them did scarcely speak, And vainly the things I have lost I seek!

And I'm weary and sad and the world is wrong.

The morrow has come and the sky has grown clear, The world appears righted and rings with song; The friends as I meet them are merry and cheer, The things that I thought I had lost reappear,

And the world drives forward the whole day long.

As the strings of a harp, standing side by side, Are the days of sadness and days of song; The sunshine and shadow are ever allied, But the shadows will fade and the sunshine bide,

Though to-day may be dim and the world go wrong.

Shakespeare's Personality as a Player.

So little is known of Shakespeare's personality that it were absurd to hazard any opinion with respect to, at least, his physical fitness for a histrionic career. That he was of a fair presence and possessed of an abundance of natural vigor is not an unreasonable assumption, especially when his likeness, as represented in the Droeshout copy, is studied for a little. Such a picture of the poet, as he is supposed to have appeared in his twenty-ninth year, suggests a physiognomy which is amply in keeping with the ideas as to what the appearance of a great original writer should be. Extraordinary force, mental and physical, strikes one as being the prominent feature of the man Shakespeare, indicated by the Droeshout likeness; and thus the authenticity of his portrait being admitted, the popular ideal with regard to the personal appearance of the great dramatist is in no danger of ever being destroyed. But it may be taken for granted that his fitness, so far as physique was concerned, was in every respect adequate to the circumstances of the actor's profession. The tradition that he was lame would, indeed, preclude the possibility of his sustaining, with such an infirmity, almost any character on the stage. In the character of Old Adam, however, the faithful and tried servant of Sir Rowland de Bois and, latterly, of his cruel and unscrupulous son Oliver, in the sylvan play *As You Like It*, it is but fair to admit that such a part would naturally submit itself for performance more readily by a lame actor. A frail and halting gait would have, in a measure, to be assumed by any player essaying the part of the old, weakly servant. Might it not have been from this very circumstance that the tradition as to Shakespeare's lameness originated? The drama of *As You Like It* became at once, on its appearance in 1590, a favorite with the frequenters of the Globe Theatre, who, seeing Shakespeare in the pathetic part of Old Adam, limping faithfully along after his new-found master, Orlando—since Oliver had discarded him—might somehow have got the impression that the player himself was lame, and hence the tradition.—*Alexander Cargill*, in *Scribner*.

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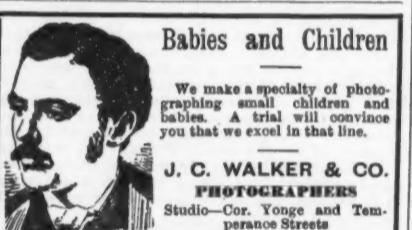
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TRANC

young man was not for him. The utmost that he could allow himself in the way of relaxation would be the society of clever people, and a little quiet dinner-giving in his fine London house. He could oscillate between London and the Rosary, and Hester need feel no sense of desertion. The winter season had begun; there would be plenty of pleasant people in London. His sister was to be married in the first week of the new year and he would have to be in Devonshire for that occasion. His mother had written to him several times since her return from the continent urging him to go and see her, full of vague uneasiness about the life that he was leading.

"If Hester owes a debt to her father I have my obligation to my kith and kin," he said to himself, in great long reverie by the fireside. "I have to think of the claims of those who have never brought disgrace upon me that old soul has done upon her."

"What are you thinking of so earnestly, Gerard?" Hester asked presently, watching his face in the fitful light.

"I am thinking of my mother."

The answer chilled her. His mother; yes, he too had those who were near and dear to him—those in whose lives she had no part.

"Your mother. Ah, how kind she was to me, and what ages ago that old life seems. Shall I ever see her again, I wonder," she speculated, with a sigh.

And then the bitter thought followed upon that vague question: What could his mother think of her? Disgraced, dishonored, nameless, an outcast in the sight of such a woman as the rector's wife. She counted nothing upon such a woman's Christian charity. She thought of her only as of one who had never been touched by sin, and who could make no allowances.

"Your sister is to be married very soon, I suppose?" she said, interrogatively, after a long pause.

"In the first week of the year. I shall have to be at the wedding."

"Of course. My heart will go with you and all my warmest wishes for her happiness—even though she and I may never meet again."

"Don't harp upon that string, Hester. Let the future take care of itself!" You are getting morbid in this odious house!"

"Odious! Oh, Gerard, we have been so happy here; I thought you loved this house."

"So I did, while it was full of sunshine and flowers, and before you turned it into a hospital. Don't let us quarrel, Hester. I'm a little hopped, and I shall be saying disagreeable things without meaning them. You have reminded me of my sister's wedding and that I have not even thought of a wedding present. What shall I give her?"

"Something very handsome, of course; but I know how charitable she is, and that she would rather have something for the poor of her new parish."

"She shall have anything else she likes for her poor, but she must have something which she can look at by and by as her brother's gift. Cheques are the most fashionable offerings from rich relatives, so I shall give her a cheque; but there must be something else—a service of plate I think will be best. She and Cumberland would never have the heart to buy silver for themselves. He would say, 'It should be melted down and given to the poor'; but Lillian will not have my gifts melted down. I will go up to town to-morrow and choose the service—fine old Georgian plate such as will not seem an anachronism in their old Georgian house."

I know even Cumberland has one small vanity. He wants everything in his house to be of the same period as the building itself."

Gerard went to London on the following morning, and for the first time since he had lived at the Rosary told Hester not to expect his return that evening.

"I may be in London for two or three days," he said. "I have a good deal to do there."

She made no murmur. She awoke him off at the gate with a smile, standing waving her hand to him in the clear winter sunlight, and then she went slowly back to the house with an aching heart.

"Alas, for me then, my good days are done," she sighed, like her favorite Elaine.

(To be Continued.)

For Sick Headache.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. M. W. Gray, Cave Spring, Ga., says: "I have used it with perfect success in habitual sick headache."



Miss Minerva Emerson (from Boston)—My youthful friend, I have meandered from my road, and in asking you to direct me I would have you remember *qui responde presta, sa poca*. Therefore reflect a bit and tell me if you fancy you could act as chaperone to guide me out of these labyrinths; if so I would have you not forget that *adeli certa merces!*

Young Lady (from The Band)—What's you givin' us?—Life.

Two in a Family.

Single instances of a cure are plentiful, but when they come in pairs they begin to show the universal good. Mr. Julius Sharack, 97 Burling street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A., January, 1890, says: "My wife and father-in-law suffered for years with neuralgia, but they were entirely cured by St. Jacobs Oil." Families should not be without it.

Must Have Been a Frenchman.

An unusually handsome West Philadelphia girl entered a street car yesterday, and was greatly embarrassed by a young man opposite, who looked at her for several blocks. At last she exclaimed, indignantly:

"If you were a gentleman you would stop annoying me!"

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he replied, politely raising his hat, "were not beautiful women put on earth to be admired."

What could she do?—Philadelphia Press.

Felt For Him.

"Walter, I've been here a full hour," said Chapman, impatiently. "I've been here since 7 a. m.," returned the waiter. "It's tiresome, ain't it?"—New York Sun.

Cheeky Boy.

He—May I kiss you just once? She—No. He—(unabashed)—How many times?

The Velvet Cloak.

It was a bright morning in early autumn when Hettie Campkin met her friend, Mrs. Danvers, to go shopping with her. Hettie was a modest, sweet-looking little creature, quite a contrast to the dashing woman who now walked beside her. People, in fact, had frequently wondered how the two came to be so.

Hettie's husband had expostulated often. "I don't want to interfere in your friendships," he said to her, "but I do wish you would see less of Mrs. Danvers."

"What are you thinking of so earnestly, Gerard?" Hester asked presently, watching his face in the fitful light.

"I am thinking of my mother."

The answer chilled her. His mother; yes, he too had those who were near and dear to him—those in whose lives she had no part.

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The Velvet Cloak.

bending over the box that Dick might not notice her flushed face.

"Seventy dollars. You remember asking for a velvet cloak a while ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, I resolved then if I could possibly spare the money, to get you one for Christmas present. I wouldn't tell you, for I wanted it to be a pleasant surprise. But I got the nearest one I could find."

"It is beautiful," said Hettie, "and it is a pleasant surprise."

"Well, you were such a good little woman to give it up so willingly when I asked you to, that I thought you deserved it."

Poor Hettie had to summon all her nerve to keep from bursting into tears and crying out that she did not deserve it. Just then the supper-bell rang, greatly to her relief, and so telling Dick she would try on the cloak after supper, they went to the cozy little dining-room.

Before supper was over Hettie had taken a resolution. And with the courage it gave her she did try on the velvet cloak after supper, and praised it enough to satisfy even Dick, who received her thanks very graciously and was delighted with the success of his elegant present.

Poor Hettie had to summon all her nerve to keep from bursting into tears and crying out that she did not deserve it. Just then the supper-bell rang, greatly to her relief, and so telling Dick she would try on the cloak after supper, they went to the cozy little dining-room.

As soon as he was gone, Hettie hurriedly dressed herself, took the box which contained the cloak she had bought, and went straight to Wallace & Duke's. She had a very humiliating task to perform, but it was her only chance; and she determined, if she could, this once, to save herself in her husband's esteem.

"I bought a cloak here a few weeks ago, and on taking it in, I find I shall not be able to pay for it this winter," she said, "therefore I conclude to bring it back. I suppose you will take it if I pay something," she said to the clerk. She had fifteen dollars, and she offered this.

"Well, madam," says he, "we don't often take back or exchange goods unless they are returned immediately. But if the cloak is in good order—"

"It has never been even out of the box but twice," said Hettie, not feeling obliged to say she had worn it, "it is entirely uninjured. Please look at it and see."

"Well, it won't sell as well as a month ago, and so we will have to take the fifteen dollars to cover our loss."

The clerk looked at it, found it just as Hettie had represented, and consented to receive it back.

Hettie left the store with a lighter heart than she had had for weeks.

When Dick came to dinner he was struck by her high spirits. As she put on her hat to go to the depot, he said:

"Hettie, I'm glad you're going off so brightly. My little wife has had the dumps this long time, and I couldn't guess why."

"Needn't try, then," laughed Hettie. "Well, she won't have them any more. And, Dick, tell her one thing—I'm not going with Mrs. Danvers any more."

"Glad to hear it," said Mr. Dick, dryly. Privately he wondered what Madame Jenny had been up to now; but he did not ask questions; no wise husband does.

As for Hettie, it was a bitter lesson and a wholesome one, that of the velvet cloak.

A Knowing One.



"No, sir! They don't catch me a blowin' out the gas!"—Life.

Not in Harmony With Burnt Cork.

G. Washington Coon (purchasing suit of clothes)—I'm afraid, sah, dat these trowsers am bout to sizes too big fo' me.

Cohen—But dat was English, mine friend!

G. Washington Coon—Mebbe, sah; but it pears to me dat my complexion don't go well wif dat Anglo maniac craze.—Puck.

Have They Female Suffrage?

It is now provided by a law passed in Denmark, that all drunken persons shall be taken home in carriages, at the expense of the landlord who sold him the last glass.

Ah, There!

The policeman was seen to start suddenly, as if from a deep reverie. After going to the

Ready for Anything.



Call (who drops in unexpectedly)—Goodness gracious, my dear Esmark! What has happened?

Esmark—Don't be alarmed, old fellow. You see Mrs. Esmark joined a First Aid to the Injured class during Lent and we're giving the children a few lessons.—Puck.

IT IS NEWS TO MANY WOMEN

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patrol-box and turning in his call, he returned to the gas-jamp and proceeded to carefully adjust something that he took from his overcoat pocket. Then he replaced it, and placidly resting his head against the lamp post, was heard to murmur: "Begorra, thin alarm-clock does a great ting for the force."

A Dainty Meal.

Dude (at the railroad restaurant)—Waitaw! got any green peas?

Walter—Yes, sir; have some?

Dude—Yaa; bring me three.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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Music.

"I am curious to see your notice of Iolanthe in SATURDAY NIGHT," was said to me a day or two ago. Well, it is rather a difficult subject for me to handle for reasons which are obvious to many of my readers. Probably my best plan will be to confine myself to a few general remarks upon the salient facts. The social aspect of the event will, I ween, be touched upon in another column by Lady Gay, but I cannot help referring to the wisdom which led to the community of interest between the Harmony Club and the Royal Grenadiers, resulting in a success as far as the houses are concerned at all events. Another wise act was the engagement of Mr. Arthur H. Bell as stage manager.

Apart from his personal excellence as the Lord Chancellor, every detail of the success which was attendant upon what the eye saw was entirely due to Mr. Bell alone whose watchful care and thorough knowledge of his work pervaded everything. Whatever musical success was achieved is largely due to the labors of a lady whose name did not appear on the bills. This was Miss Ada Hart who acted as accompanist during all the rehearsals and whose assistance was suitably acknowledged by the presentation of a beautiful ring after the last performance, when a half-hour of social relaxation was agreeably spent by the performers. Another point that strikes many is the fact that two performances of amateur opera should have been adjudged so successful in both performance and public appreciation as The Mikado and Iolanthe, occurring within two weeks of each other. Toronto may well be proud of its musical talent and all will, I am sure, join me in wishing and hoping that the Sheridan Club may join the Harmony Club and the Mikado in establishing the excellence of Toronto amateurs.

The J. C. Duff Comic Opera Company has returned to Toronto for a week's season of comic opera and opened to a very good house on Monday evening. Up to the time of writing I have been able to attend only one of its performances, the first one of The Red Hussar. This opera is by F. R. Stephens and Mr. Lilian Russell—I should say Mr. Teddy Solomon. It is an opera with the usual gauzy comic opera plot of the present day, possessing no dramatic interest, but being of Queen Anne's time it affords abundant scope for picturesque costuming which has been liberally used. The music is very good and without showing great inspiration in any case shows fair originality. The orchestration is very good indeed, showing that Mr. Solomon is not afraid to use the forces at his command and make them work. In fact one would almost fancy that he had been in Boston about the time that the late lamented John Stetson found fault with a trombone player in the orchestra of the theater. The gentleman with the elongator was quietly looking on while his confreres were playing. Stetson asked him, "Why are you not playing?" The man replied, "I have twelve bars rest." "Twelve bars rest! I won't have anybody taking rests while I pay him wages. You play, sir, or leave the orchestra!" Presumably on this principle, Mr. Solomon has kept his orchestra fully occupied. The result is that though there is a fine orchestra of eighteen men playing in the Red Hussar, their work is loud and heavy. Possibly if Mr. Julian Edwards would look to this he might produce a little more elegance and brightness in his orchestral accompaniments.

The chorus is a splendid one. Twenty-four ladies and sixteen men sing with a fine solid body of tone, which only wants accentuation and clean attacks to make it one of the best ever heard in Toronto. The figures and evolutions introduced and so efficiently carried out reflect great credit upon Mr. Joseph C. Fay, whose work as stage manager is more than excellent. As nearly everybody knows, he is an old Toronto boy. The opera is full of good work for the chorus and many fine stage-pictures are given. Miss Marie Tempest certainly achieved a success. She is a good singer, has a good voice and sings with a certain charm, but her vocal efforts are not the chief part of her powers. As a comedienne she shows a spontaneity almost amounting to exuberance, which is yet without exaggeration, and makes all her work "go" from the moment she appears upon the stage. Pretty little Miss Leonore Snyder is as charming as ever and with her sweet voice was a powerful rival of Miss Tempest. The Mr. Magpie presented by Miss Fannie Edwards was a good bit of work. Mr. Clement Bainbridge seemed to me to be failing off a little from his former excellence. He is becoming conventional. I noticed that he has not forgotten that our army swore when it was in Flanders, but he delicately contents himself with one little German oath which fell upon the house with a dull, stammering thud. Have you ever noticed how funerally a German "gak" is received in Toronto? The performers might better fire Greek at the heads of the audiences.

A host in himself was Mr. George Lauria as Corporal Bundy, who was very funny indeed. I have not determined whether this brave soldier was supposed to have come from Ireland, Lancashire, or Somerset, his accent was so thoroughly mixed. Mr. Charles Bassett was irresistible as the old barrister, Berkeley Brue. He has a perfect command

in his parts. It may be the lack of a proper "make-up" which leaves the stamp of Bassett upon Ralph Rodney or Faust or whatever he may represent at the time. Yet he sings satisfactorily though not as well as he is able to. He seems to me to lack practice and care. I am sorry to see this as his voice as I first heard it some three years ago, was a beautiful one, and matured manhood has given him greater power. Mr. McLaughlin, of course, was popular as Leighton. His fine voice makes him popular everywhere. The other operas played this week may furnish food for reflection in my next.

On Thursday of last week the choir of the Bathurst street Methodist church gave an organ recital and concert on the occasion of the opening of their fine new organ built by Messrs. Lye & Sons. The organ is a handsome one, with a good variety of stops and with a very rich tone. The choir, under the direction of Mr. E. J. Shirley, with Mrs. Ferris at the organ, sang several choruses in excellent style. Solos were sung by Mrs. Leaday, Mrs. Forsythe and Mr. E. J. Lye, while organ selections were given by Mrs. Ferris, Mr. Arthur Blakeley, Mr. W. J. McNally and Mr. A. H. Lye.

On Monday evening next the Mozart Quartette will give a sacred concert at Cecil street Church of the Disciples, and on Thursday evening the Ladies' Choral Club under the direction of Miss Hillary will give its concert at Association Hall. A fine programme of part music has been arranged containing among other numbers the well known Soedermann Swedish Wedding March, Mendelssohn's Laudate Pueri Dominum (rather a queer title, by the way, for a work for ladies' voices!) and Röckel's Cantata, Westward Ho! in which the solos, recitations and duets will be sung by members of the club. Mrs. Caldwell will also assist in the programme. The proceeds will be given to the furnishing fund of the Hospital for Sick Children.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

During the latter half of last week Toronto's fairest and bravest were delighted by the Harmony Club's performance of Iolanthe. The event was more social than dramatic or musical, but was delightful from all points of view. A fortnight ago I spoke of the enjoyableness of a performance by amateurs, and what I then said applies equally well to the performance of Iolanthe. Mr. A. H. Bell, the stage-manager, was imported from New York and the opera was conducted by a local gentleman. Of course comparisons are always odious, but it is but just to say that though the performance quite equalled that of the Mikado during the week previous, the addition of a conductor and New York stage-manager did not add any perceptible excellence to the Iolanthe performance. The little accidents were, however, carried off by the charming and spirited acting of the principals. The individual members of the cast are written on this page by Metronome.

"Now in respect that it is in the fields, it pleases me well; but in respect that it is not in the court, it is tedious," says my distinguished namesake in *As You Like It*. And of Aunt Jack, the attraction at the Academy during the latter half of last week, I say: In respect that it is of Farce, it pleases me well; but in respect that it is of the Drama, it pleases me not. From a farce-comedy point of view it is above the average. From a dramatic point of view it is, as a whole, bad. It is an English production and differs from the American farce-comedy in the substitution of genuine humor for horseplay. Most of the characters are original. The cast includes an old barrister and a young barrister; an attractive spinster of uncertain age, aunt of the young barrister, and a retired colonel; a young lady, niece of the colonel; a country solicitor, a young lord and the beauteous widow of an American millionaire. These people get themselves into various entanglements through the secret marriage of the young barrister to the colonel's niece; a suit for breach of promise, the attractive spinster vs. the retired colonel; the proposal of the old barrister, retained for the defendant, to the plaintiff, and the adolescent lord's wooing of the American widow, through his legal advisor, the young barrister. The author of the play is Ralph Lumley. It would appear that he built the farce to introduce the song Ask a Policeman. In the first and second acts the play almost equals the best modern French comedy, but the last act, with its burlesque court scene, spoils the whole performance. It would be possible for a clever playwright to re-write Aunt Jack and make it one of the finest dramatic conceits of the last few years, but with the third act such as it is the whole piece is rendered flat and the previous clever action and dialogue foolish and unnecessary. Like the Tornado champagne which is introduced in the second act, it does not fizz. The whole play is supposed to hinge on the singing of the song mentioned, which is for no particular reason sung, and the last act merely introduces this song which is entirely out of keeping with the refined humor of the rest of the play. Such decrepitude in a comedy, on first appearances so strong, is deplorable.

In the cast of Aunt Jack have appeared at times such well known artists as Agnes Booth and Joseph Haworth. The characters are evenly developed, there being no opportunity for "starring." In the first two acts much of the fun, as in the French comedy, is in the action and play. The company which presented the play in Toronto left nothing to be desired. The characters are supposed to be ladies and gentlemen and the actors were ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Chas. Bowser was irresistible as the old barrister, Berkeley Brue. He has a perfect command

of facial expression and a voice which entirely suits his part. Mr. George Bassett has a splendid stage presence and made a perfect Caleb Cornish, the handsome young barrister. Perhaps special praise should be given to Mr. Charles W. Butler as Jaffin, the country solicitor. His work consisted chiefly in his action and he managed this most difficult of comedian's work in a manner that convulsed all. He was quiet and unobtrusive and always funny. Mr. E. A. Eberle gave a good impersonation of the brusque colonel. Mr. Jerome Kingsbury was a very enjoyable representative of the Dundreary-like Lord St. John Brompton. The other gentlemen in the cast were successful. Miss Ffolliott Page, who took the part of Aunt Jack, was splendid. A woman comedian capable of keeping up a continuous flow of refined comedy is rare, but Miss Page is one who possesses this gift. She showed that capability of imbuing her part with her personality that is possessed by but a few great comedians. Miss Bertha Creighton made a charming Mildred and Miss Alice Butler a fascinating Widow. On the whole no better company has appeared on a Toronto stage for many a long day.

At the Grand this week the charming little English girl, Marie Tempest, has been showing her versatility by a range o'er the characters of the mercurial Kitty in the Red Hussar, the captivating Dorothy, the artless Arla and the devilish Carmen.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

David Belasco is at work on the new play he is writing for Mrs. Carter in which she is to appear at the new Fifth avenue theater next season.

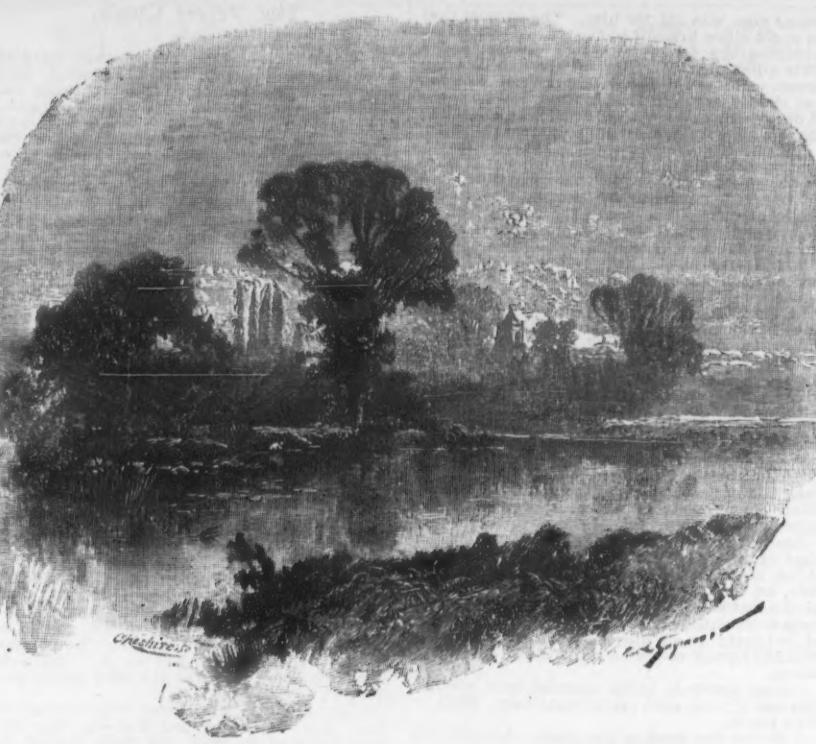
Sardou's play of Thermidor was produced at the Lessing theater in Berlin, not long ago. In response to the applause the manager, Dr. Blumenthal, thanked the audience in the name of the author who, he said, "took the deepest interest in the performance of his work at Berlin," an assertion to which Sardou replied as follows in the Paris papers the next day: "If the statement be true that Mr. Blumenthal took upon himself to thank the Berlin public 'in my name' for the reception they gave to my piece, he quite overstepped his prerogative, while as regards the interest which he says I took in the production of Thermidor at Berlin, it consisted in my striving to hinder the performance of my piece in Germany by every possible means, even through the diplomatic channel."

The singers for J. W. Morrissey's spring season of opera in English at the Grand Opera House, New York, will come from nearly every quarter of the world. Montegriffo, the tenor, will arrive in New York in time for rehearsals of Trovatore, the opening opera. Stormont, late of Her Majesty's, London, now with the Emma Juch company in Mexico, will alternate with Tagliapre in the baritone roles. Stormont is said to be excellent as Valentine in Faust, the Count in the Bohemian Girl, and Plunket in Martha. W. H. Clark, the well known Canadian, and Wilfred Waters have been engaged respectively as basso and basso cantante. Camille Muerl, a young prima donna, comes from San Francisco. She will sing the title roles in Martha and Carmen, while the leading soprano parts in Faust, Lucia, Trovatore and Martha will be assumed by Louise Natali and Miss Landis. The contraltos are Bela Tomlins and Bertha Lind.

Modern Society says of Mrs. Langtry's latest production, Linda Grey: "It is possible that the hand that wrote *As You Like It*. And of Aunt Jack, the attraction at the Academy during the latter half of last week, I say: In respect that it is of Farce, it pleases me well; but in respect that it is of the Drama, it pleases me not. From a farce-comedy point of view it is above the average.

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Nearing the Dawn.

For Saturday Night.

The stream of life flows fast,

We live but for a day;

The morn is barely past

Ere the golden head is gray.

The birds sang high in air,

The brook ran sparkling by

Where sat fair Nell and I,

Sweet Nell with the golden hair.

No other one was nigh

To hear the story old,

And again the tale was told

As the waters murmured by.

The birds sing in the wold,

The streamlet murmur on,

But many years are gone

Since Nelly's hair was gold.

Soon, soon the hour will dawn

When Nell's gray head and mine

Will bathe in light divine

As the pearly gates are drawn.

Sing, birds, the days lang syne,

O stream of life flow on,

We're nearing the silver line

Which heralds the golden daw.

HALF.

Toronto Port's Awakening.

For Saturday Night.

Down in the harbor the sounds are rife

Of the coming of vessels back to life

Out of the winter's icy thrall.

At the hulls and wharves the waves lap.

Jink! Jink! Is the caking tap.

Klang! Klang! Is the rivet rap.

Chuck! Chuck! Is the joiner's chap.

Whish! Whish! Is the painter's tap.

And the shipwright scans his little map.

Juice of the limeed covers all.

After the turnoll the noise and strife

Sailors come, and the Skipper and wife :

The sheets groan taut and the railings ring,

And unto the lake doth the good ship spring,

With sails blown bulged upon masts well tried—

No wonder the captain swells out with pride!

As the deck-hands roll fore and aft they sing :

With joy we ship in the early spring!

Toronto, Canada.

ALEXANDER COPLAND.

I Understand.

TO C. S.

For Saturday Night.

Dear friend, our lives lie far apart,

The hand of fate holds heart from heart

And hand from hand.

Between words may ne'er be spoken,

To tell of faith and trust unbroken,

But dear, is there no other token

To tell that "I understand?"

Thine earnest eyes look into mine,

And in their depths I can divine

Heart's love's demands.

Heart speaks to heart tho' thousands may be near,

And in thy soul, a voice, low-toned and dear,

Will bring from me to thee this message dear,

"I understand. I'll always understand."

Then rest content, my friend, do not forget

That in the distant future there is yet

A fairer land,

And when the days seem long and weary, dear,

Can thy fancy bring my presence near

With well known voice, soft whispering in thine

ear,

Noted People.

The granddaughter of Charles Dickens, Miss Mary Dickens, has gone on the stage. She has lately made a provincial tour in Little Lord Fauntleroy.

A little Brooklyn lady, Miss Milhau by name, has so perfected herself in the dainty art of etching that her designs are eagerly bought and copied in metal by a leading firm of silversmiths in New York.

Jeanette Miller, an Irish lady of good family and social position, a graduate of the Westminster Cooking School, goes out to private houses in London and the vicinity to prepare company breakfasts, luncheons and dinners.

Ex-Empress Eugenie has been sued in Bologna, Italy, for twenty-two thousand lire. Dr. Mattei, a lawyer, is the plaintiff and declares that the sum is due him for arranging a contract between the ex-empress and the Princess Baciocchi.

Mrs. Samuel Clemens and Mrs. Frank Stockton are both gentle-faced, middle-aged ladies who, though ambitious and admirers of the fame of their respective husbands, have never been known to perpetrate the smallest jest or quip.

Bismarck will move to Berlin, we are told, having taken two large houses in the Königgrätzer-Strasse. The Hamburg *Reform* announces that the emperor and Prince Bismarck will dine together shortly with Count von Waldersee at Altona.

Two women have been elected police judges in Kansas. Mrs. Jessie McCormick is to hold office at Burnt Oak, and Mrs. Mary T. Burton who was formerly an editor and is now postmaster, will serve at Jamestown. Both women are enthusiastic prohibitionists.

It is recalled of General Sherman that he did not like a broad story any more than General Grant, of whom this anecdote is related: Someone in a company where he was began by way of preface, "I believe there are no ladies present." "No," said Grant, "but there are gentlemen!"

Jennie June (Mrs. Croly), Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune), and Mary Mapes Dodge are among the literary women of America who have in their profession earned sufficient to warrant the purchase of country homes near New York, where they alternately work and rest during the long summers.

The death of Lord Albemarle removes from us the most interesting survivor of the Battle of Waterloo. Lord Albemarle was a boy of fifteen as he sat, an ensign in the Fourteenth Foot, on a drum, while his regiment was being pelted with round-shot which every now and then plumped into a horse or a man.

Montreal's new mayor, Hon. James McShane, is fortunate in having a beautiful wife who is popular with her own sex. Her influence in the city, which admits of woman suffrage at civic elections, not only largely increased the women voters at the recent election, but also brought their ballots to her husband.

Rosa Baughan, an Englishwoman, earns a handsome income by delineating character from photographs or handwriting. Through correspondence columns in various publications and by private interview, she carries on her profession besides giving lessons in graphology, now very much practised in England as a parlor science.

Miss Frances Willard found time during her duties at the late National Council of Women, in Washington, to draw up a pledge whose signers bound themselves not to wear the bodies or feathers of birds in trimming. Mrs. Ole Bull was among the women who circulated the pledge between the sessions of the council, but the bird protectors succeeded in getting altogether less than two hundred names.

One very rarely hears of Arabi Pasha, whose rebellion led to the British occupation of Egypt about nine years ago. He is alive still—a prisoner of England on the Island of Ceylon. He and his companions petitioned the other day for leave to return to their own country, on the ground that the East Indian climate was prejudicial to their health. The governor of Ceylon was instructed to have a medical examination made of the exiles, and as this did not show that Arabi and the rest were at all ill, he and they will have to stay.

A wedding that excites much peculiar interest is one that occurred in New York last week, when Miss Pomeroy became Mrs. John Stevenson. The "happy man elect" is the head waiter at the Murray Hill Hotel. Miss Pomeroy is young, pretty, of excellent family and position, and in the eyes of many, the possessor of a still more unquestionable charm—twenty thousand dollars a year. John Stevenson, who is a quiet, well-mannered young Scotchman, has been head waiter at the hotel since it opened and Miss Pomeroy has been a guest there for the same length of time. All the other guests manifest the most vivid interest in this romantic love affair.

Prince Alois, a nephew of the reigning Prince of Lichtenstein, the millionaire candidate of the anti-Semitic-cum-Socialist-cum-Labor party for mayor of Vienna, is one of the most extraordinary figures in European politics, and possesses many traits in common with Lord Randolph Church. He inaugurated his parliamentary career some fifteen years ago by getting himself turned out of Rome, where he had given serious offense to the government by his aggressive championing of the temporal claims of the Pope. His expulsion resulted in his election to the leadership of the Clerical and Feudal parties in the Imperial legislature. About a year ago, he was forced to abandon his chieftainship of the Feudal party by his marriage with a divorced lady of humble birth. For a time he withdrew from politics. But, three months ago he suddenly reappeared in the arena as an enthusiastic friend of socialism, of labor, and above all, of anti-Semitism. A grand seigneur, an aristocrat to the very tips of his fingers, and the possessor of immense landed estates, he distinguished himself by his bitter invective of capital and by his animosity to the Hebrew race. During the course of the recent parliamentary election, to which he devoted more than two hundred thousand dollars, he went so far on several occasions as to incite the populace to expel all the Jews from Vienna and to pillage their great banks and financial establishments.

Woman's Art Club Spring Exhibition.

It is proverbial that when the menfolk have been unsuccessfully trying to accomplish an end for a considerable time, the ladies take hold of the idea and carry it to a successful issue. So with the catalogue of the Woman's Art Club Exhibition. For several years the artists of the city have been trying to get up a catalogue with illustrations for their annual exhibition, but have never succeeded until this year. But now, three weeks before the Ontario Society's Exhibition, is issued, the illustrated catalogue prepared by the Woman's Art Club for their exhibition, and, as it is depicted on the allegorical cover, gains for the ladies the credit of issuing the first such catalogue published in Toronto.



No. 11.—BEFORE A STORM—M. E. DIGNAM.

The officers of this club whose annual spring exhibition has now been open for a week and closes to-day are: Mrs. M. E. Dignam, president; Miss E. Armstrong, vice-president; Mrs. W. D. Gregory, secretary; and Miss C. D. Osler, treasurer. The ordinary membership includes about a score of ladies, resident and non-resident, and many honorary members.

Among the exhibitors the work of Mrs. Dignam, Miss McConnell and Mrs. M. H. Reid is already familiar to Torontonians. Mrs. Dignam has several pieces in oils, the best of which is a painting of "Youthful Days," representing two little children in a flower garden. Another figure painting, "Looking for Papa," is somewhat out of drawing. The Study of a Head is also fairly good, and she has some pretty sketches of outdoor scenes. Miss M. McConnell exhibits some portraits, one of which, that of an old lady, is excellent.

Her other subjects are figure studies, Lemons, Old Women and a Little Girl, and are beautiful little pictures. Mrs. M. H. Reid has three subjects, two of Roses which are up to her well-known standard and a fair one of Apples and Grapes. Of the names not so well known some good work in oils is that of Miss J. M. F. Adams, whose studies, though very small, are artistic and good in technique. Miss Ida Mitchell's Mexican Olla and Winter Vases is a pretty picture. Miss Caroline C. Lovell of Alabama sends a beautiful little water color sketch of a girl in old fashioned costume. Miss Fanny Sutherland has two water color drawings of Cowdray Castle. Great attention is given to detail, but a good water color should "let the light through," while these pieces have too much of a dark, monotonous body color. Over the Roofs and other water colors by Miss C. D. Osler are fairly good, but her oil study, Apples,

is a canvas much too large for so trivial a subject, this latter fault indeed characterizing many of the paintings on exhibition. Miss L. Henderson's Violin and Chrysanthemums is a rich and artistic piece of work but her Onions is only fair. Miss M. A. Sullivan's water color study of Figures is a canvas much too large for so trivial a subject, this latter fault indeed characterizing many of the paintings on exhibition. Miss L. Henderson's Violin and Chrysanthemums is a rich and artistic piece of work but her Onions is only fair. Miss M. A. Sullivan's water color study of Figures is a canvas much too large for so trivial a subject, this latter fault indeed characterizing many of the paintings on exhibition. Miss L. Henderson's Violin and Chrysanthemums is a rich and artistic piece of work but her Onions is only fair. Miss M. A. 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THE STAIN ON THE GLASS

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHAT HE DISCOVERED.

The bank-note at any rate was a reality. Entering the station, the station agent at once sent the despatch—a despatch of the man pursued, and the order to have ready upon the instant of the man's arrival any information as related to such a person; after which, he and the porter and the express-agent compared notes of the rough-looking, quiet-faced man who was so presumptuous in his demand for their knowledge.

"It's a clear case o' runaway," said one of these men, in his slow certainty, after a silence during which each looked at the other for confirmation of their suspicions. "It's either that or some crime, take my word for it, boys."

And as it so happened that the "boys" in question had no other alternative, they did, in truth, take his word for it.

When John King sprang from the train at the next station, his despatch was received, and he met no such hindrance as before. It was a larger station and less likely to attract visitors, but he did well to telegraph his desire, for otherwise he might have lost the train in making inquiries. Nevertheless, to such persons alighted from the train ahead.

Telegraphing on the next stopping place for the forward train to learn if such passenger or passengers were aboard, and detain them at Jersey City if they were, ordering, also, an answering despatch to be at the next station for him, John King returned to the car not one while less determined, and not having time to buy tickets, paid for his fare upon the train. So far he was doing well, and if there came back to him, at their next stop, the reply that no such person was aboard the train ahead when it reached its next station, he would be assured that those whom he pursued were somewhere between those two points, and he would be upon the sharper lookout for lying among the station hands. For the woman would not hesitate to spend money if it were necessary now, knowing that so she must save her life.

The general passenger carriage was suffocating and stupid, the detective mattered to himself, and rising, he got out into the smoker to ease his mind, the better think out these problems with the aid of a quiet smoke.

Leaning back comfortably, puffing at his cigar, the detective's eyes were none the less keen when he sat back there in the other carriage, and his mind was quite as clear; clearer, perhaps, soothed by this quieting weed.

He was a rougher passenger than usually entered that car and the guard eyed him suspiciously for some time ere he came up to him, speaking in a low tone, and inquiring why he presented such an odd appearance. There was pretty good cause for the question, and John King, with a slight twinkle of the gray eyes, made no other reply than to close one of these eyes very slowly and expressively, and signify that hand cuffs were in it, by swift but silent gestures, and the guard, with an answering wink, queried in a lower tone if the "cove" were aboard? But when the detective made known his errand thus far he saw no reason for entering into further particulars and merely shook his head.

"One of the sly ones, eh?" queried the guard, with a laugh and a shrug of his shoulders. "Few words, fewer risks, your motto?"

"No more about it," replied the detective, calmly, puffing at his cigar and offering one to his companion. "It's the only safe way to keep one's business to one's self until there is need to make it known. You should have learned that sooner, my friend."

He paused. Not a movement or change of expression betrayed him, but for the moment he was so thoroughly amazed that he found no words to express himself. It is doubtful, too, if he would have made his agitation known to his companion could he have done so. Breaking off in his remark as though it really were too much exertion to talk, and for no other reason, he smoked harder than ever—smoked so fiercely, in truth, that not a glimpse of his face could be discernible through the wreath about his head and face.

In one of the forward seats, in plain view of him as he leaned to one side, sat—the man for whom he was searching. No doubt of it. His hat was pulled over his face, and a villainous enough looking face it was in its blended boldness and cunning; but this could not hide his identity from those watchful eyes in the rear seat.

"Shrewd—yes," he muttered between his teeth, his eyes straying from the burly figure, lost his companion should fathom his thoughts.

"More shrewd than I gave him credit for. They deserve that encomium. She set him on an up train from Nyack, and he took this train from one of the smaller stations beyond. Well worth my following—these scheming villains!"

Ready for this emergency as he was for any, in spite of his surprise, he drew from one of his inner pockets a red wig and mustache, and under the eyes of the guard but unobserved by the other passengers, covered his identity so thoroughly with the aid of these that his own mother would never have recognized him, his companion whispered, admiringly. And when the train stopped at the station, he slipped very quietly out, but with eyes alert for any sign that the despatch was ready for him. Taking it from the operator he returned to the smoking-car, and making sure that the man was still there, tore open the envelope to learn that—two of those persons described were upon the forward train, with tickets for New York! These two were the woman and the more quiet man Jim.

"Oh, it's all very nice, my fine fellow!" muttered the detective, with grim satisfaction.

"It's all very well, but when once you attempt alighting at Jersey City you will discover that your little game is up!"

In confirmation of which threat he alighted at the very next station—Tenafly—and sent a despatch to the city for a couple of men to wait for those two passengers upon the forward train.

"Maybe they don't expect to be met at the station by anxious friends," muttered John King, "but they'll discover it in good time!"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CLOUD LIFTING.

Roy Hilton, still but a ghost of his former self, sat in his wife's room in the handsome house upon the Avenue. He acquired the habit of sitting in this room, sometimes for hours together, reading nothing, doing nothing but thinking, forever thinking. And these thoughts of his were not pleasant thoughts, and every day of this strange, lonely, dreary life added years to his appearance. He was a longer light of heart, or swift with the smile that won for him so many friends in the old free days.

It was always of George Chesney at his best that he thought whenever that dark crime rose before him. Fever left him with a weakness of the brain that could not lift under this added sorrow, and he grew sometimes very hard with himself, wondering whether or not it were his hand that had taken Chesney's life in that fit of mere jealousy, or whether it were strange evil of fate that laid upon him, at the height of his life, the burden of crime. And always, at such times, not at all, hit one greatest thought was for his wife.

The physician said, when he was slowly recovering and this strange imagination of the brain remained, that he would undoubtedly recover when the cause was removed, but not until then. And with his friends this meant, perhaps forever, for few knew of the struggle his wife and Frank Whitney were undertaking

to prove that no hint of guilt could touch the quiet man, shut in his lonely life, seeing few of the many friends who called daily to learn of his condition and left tokens of their thoughtfulness in flowers and fruit to tempt his thoughts to lighter things. And out of all these gifts there was one that came as promptly as the day dawned, and which he knew would come with a certainty, pathetic in its very eagerness—an exquisite bouquet of white roses and forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley—always the same, always from the same source he knew.

And if the sender could have seen how laid his thin face among their blossoms and whispered—foolishly, perhaps—of Helen and her brave heart, her grave proud face growing daily more white and thin, might have taken a deeper sadness. But no eyes ever saw this weakness in him. He was quiet and still and very grave in the presence of others, but the same proud man who won his wife from them all.

Everything was still in the house—strangely still, it seemed to him, suddenly waking to the fact, and he started and touched the bell beside him. Nothing had happened—nothing, was the reply given when his call was answered. Was there anything he desired? Water, perhaps, or wine, or a little something to eat? Nothing, he answered to them all, and sank down again to watch the flowers and to think.

And then—it was immediately after that, or hours gone past—he did not know.

There was a light tap upon his door, and Frank Whitney entered when he knew who it was; but the smile was so full of sadness and the bravery of a soul that would not yield to its weight of sorrow, that this friend turned his face aside for an instant that it should not meet his eyes. Then he crossed the soft carpet and held out his hand. There was something so quiet and contented about this simple gesture that the younger man—younger in years but ages older in sorrow—did not take the hand at once, but leaned back among his cushions, a new pallor striking his face, his eyes searching the quiet face above him.

"I am foolishly weak to-day, Whitney," he said slowly, his eyes never leaving his friend's face. "You will bear with me—you will always bear with my weaknesses!"

Again that slow, sad, infinitely sad smile.

"It seemed to me, as I looked at you, that something was in your face—something that has not been there these many days—say, months, for that matter! But I am weak still, and you know the dreaming of idle minds!"

Frank Whitney smiled down into those searching eyes and held in his for a long minute the hand of his friend. He stood beside him, too, rather aimlessly. He had been here every day when it was possible during the long winter of trial, and yet never before was he so possessed with this feeling of restraint. Even his eyes could not long rest upon those steady, searching, lifted blue eyes looking out from that pale, proud face. Unconsciously his gaze strayed to the flowers upon the stand beside his friend.

"How beautiful they are!" he said, with no special forethought. "An emblem of the sender—"

Then he bit his lip. He did not know how his friend would take such a remark bearing upon something that he held almost his own by right of the tie between himself and the beautiful woman whose white hands arranged them, whose proud lips may have been—who knows?—pressed upon the spotless petals ere they went upon their grand or love!

He caused the flash in his eyes to dim, his eyes shrinking to the proud face upon the cushion, and turning away walked to the window, still that similes, restles fashion so new to him, self-possessed man as he was.

Those steady eyes noted this strange restlessness, and Roy asked, after a moment of utter silence:

"What is it, Frank? You have something to tell me. You need not try to hide it. Tell me at once. No matter what it is, I can bear it—anything!"

Frank Whitney stopped instantly, catching this low, excited voice. He turned, and Roy had half risen from his chair—for Roy was still so weak he scarcely ever left this chair for long—and crossing to him, pressed him back in the chair with his kind hands upon his shoulders, a smile upon his face. He would have spoken, but at that moment he heard the fall of light feet in the hall, and, facing to my request for the way to the hotel, told me to keep on until I struck the next corner, and then turn to my left. Such beastly slang is nauseating. All San Francisco men chew tobacco, swear, talk politics and wear huge watch chains; and all the women walk the streets until midnight. I have been scouring the city for two hours, in every kind of society, and I am disgusted. Oh, this mad race for wealth! this worship of Mammon! The bell boy tells me that men are killed here every hour, and ear-chewing contests are of nightly occurrence in the best society. Heaven save the mark! I leave on the 11 p.m. train.

Salt Lake City, Wednesday.—Thirty minutes in this remarkable city convinces me that the world has not been told. My private opinion is that the United States Government whisks at polygamy; and I am not alone in my opinion. If not, why don't they blow some of the leaders from the mouths of cannons? I wonder why Englishmen come to a country where morality is at a discount?

Chicago, Saturday.—Well, I have seen Chicago, and I am astounded. It is a city of savagery and mud. All the buildings are big and ugly, and the men are loud and coarse. They have no fine feelings; and when I told a leading merchant that I didn't like Chicago, he laughed, and said, "Indeed!" I felt ashamed of the human race. Spent ten minutes in the stock yards, and saw them killing pigs and cows at a dismally rapid rate. No one paid any attention to me. In fact, I have noticed with surprise that my arrival anywhere does not excite attention. It is an illustration of the gross material nature of the people. Chicago has electric lights, tramways, telegraphs, and paved streets; but there is no society like Simla, Huja, Puji, or Dandoorah. Calmly reviewing the city after a six hours' stay, I can say that I do not like it. I am sorry to put my seal of condemnation on it; but I am nothing if not veracious.

Washington, Monday.—O Shadai of Cleo!

Is this a republic? I have seen Congress in session, and I was horrified. Instead of sitting on benches, with their hats off, in our military British way, each legislator had a desk of his own, and was bareheaded. I did not even have to bribe a flunkie to gain admission to the gallery. What can be expected from such men?

No one was killed while I was there, but a man who sat beside me told me that the senator from Pennsylvania had knifed his colleague only the day before in executive session.

Washington is a handsome city, but the society is simply awful. Government clerks go to receptions, and a gentleman may meet a tradesman even at the Executive Mansion. Macaulay prophesied the downfall of this republic, you remember. There is no dignity apparent anywhere; no respect for the government, and no attention paid to strangers. When I alighted from the train—but that is another story.

New York, Tuesday.—This caps the climax, and now I am sorry I came. I have devoured four hours to seeing this city, and making a thorough study of the social and political features of my life, for nearly twenty-five years, I have never encountered anything like this. Such glitter and glare, such wealth and power, every other feeling that the people have no time for social pleasure, and they have actually delegated four hundred of their number to give balls, parties, teas, and so forth! I would not have believed this, if I had not been told it. I saw half an act at the leading theater—the Bowery, they call it—and the company was not as good as Irving's. All the streets are very dirty, and the tram car drivers swear all the time at anything, however insignificant, that excites their ire. They swore at me. All the city officials and the court records are kept in execrably bad taste, except a few young men who get their clothes from London. The women smoke, gamble, take Turkish baths, and dye their hair; the men drink, gamble, play billiards, and argue. I never heard of such carryings on in England. Altogether, sir, I feel as though I spent all the afternoon in a wretched country I am at a loss to see anything to admire. I have been from one end of the country to the other, mingled with all classes of society, and talked with anybody that would listen to me, but I can not recall a single pleasant incident. We are superior to them in every way, in refinement, courtesy, veracity, and discernment. I take the steamer to-morrow morning, with a cheerful heart, bound for Old England, and leave this country to its fate.—Kudyard Ripley in *Puck*.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A TRAITOROUS FRIEND.

A quiet-appearing man walked up the steps and rang the bell at the Stuart house upon the avenue the next morning. He was plainly but well dressed, and had the air of one accustomed to being obeyed. When the footman demurred at his demand to be taken to Mr. Hilton, he silenced the man by the simple statement that he was expected and must be shown up at once. And although still unconvinced the man obeyed.

Frank Whitney, who was in the room with Roy and his wife, Mr. Stuart and Helen's mother and Miss Kitty Belaire, stepped forward upon his entrance and smiling, introduced him to those present.

Mr. Cunningham, otherwise known as John King, and still better known as old Hardman's hired man, in Nanuet," he said. "It is to him we owe this happiness, Hilton. He has worked like a beaver to obtain the truth, but he gained it like a man. You must allow me to congratulate him, Cunningham."

Mr. Cunningham bowed. He was as self-possessed as when chasing the fugitives along the railway; but this was another affair. Then, too, he had not finished his work, and until that was accomplished he could not yield his professional sternness.

"You know why I am here, Mr. Whitney," he said. He addressed Frank Whitney because they transacted all this business together.

"We have succeeded so far well enough, but that is the other still to do."

"Yes," said Frank Whitney quickly, "I know Cunningham. The only thing against it is that Mrs. Hilton has been waiting for a full half-hour to keep her engagement to drive with him. It begins to look as though he was not coming. Perhaps he has heard of this. You caught the woman and the men? They were secured at Jersey City."

"The woman and one of the men," replied the detective, particular as to facts. "One of the men, you remember, was on the train with

me and I took him. But they all are pretty safe at present excepting this other one."

"Yes," said Vera. "What decision?" "Well, what is to be done with this other one. Can nothing be done? He was to be here a half-hour ago. He could not have learned of that old man's death because we took good care it should not get into the papers until we were sure of them all. These confederates of his could not have warned him because they had no opportunity—"

"Unless they did so during the time they were free upon the road," suggested the detective, quietly, a gleam in his eyes.

"By Jove—yes!" exclaimed Mr. Whitney, in more excitement than he usually indulged. "Why didn't we think of that before? They could easily have telegraphed him at any station. No one has seen him since this happened. He was not at the club last night, or anywhere else."

"And if he was to have taken Ninette Silverham to Mrs. Courtney's conversations," said Helen. "It was Mrs. Courtney's last entertainment for the season, as they start for Europe next week, and it isn't likely he will fail in such a matter. Nevertheless, I shall be glad if he is gone," she added stoutly. She moved to one of the windows facing the street, where Kitty Belaire was standing and her husband sat at her other side. "I am glad if he has gone, Frank! If he knows of this his conscience and the thought of his disgrace are punishment enough! Let him go, if not for his own sake at least for his mother's. She is a lovely woman."

(To be Continued.)

The Problem Solved.



Some New American Notes.

San Francisco, Cal., Monday.—I arrived here at six p.m., and I write this letter at 9:30 p.m., in time to catch the outgoing steamer. I am simply astounded at what I have seen. These people are barbarians; they are not like Englishmen. I never knew that there were white people on earth who did not talk like cockneys; these people speak with a nasal twang; and if they had a mouthful of hot mush—not do they talk correctly. "I can't see," she answered, "oh! there he is!" as a porter led up a magnificent stag-hound. Seeing my astonishment she continued anxiously:

"Did you not expect him? I am so sorry. I thought mother would have told you she had received permission for me to have him with me. He is very good and won't give any trouble."

I hastened to assure her we were all dog worshippers, and the footman telling us the luggage had gone on in the cart, we were soon driving swiftly through our lovely country lanes to my dear old home.

That night as I watched the graceful ease with which Vera moved among us, all strangers to her, I could hardly believe she was only seventeen, a year younger than myself. As I have said before, she was more than pretty, and the first thing that struck a stranger on seeing her was the contrast between the masses of fair, curling hair with a golden light in it, and the straight black brows and curling lashes that shadowed a pair of glorious gray eyes. Her mouth was perhaps rather large, but adorned by its sweet smile, while her nose, neither Roman nor Grecian, but just a trifle red, gave a pliancy to her face which was always changing and proved an index to the various thoughts that flitted through her active brain. I myself was not bad-looking, having inherited the Farncombe regular features and my mother's blue eyes, but I felt quite eclipsed by our new visitor who took our hearts by storm. We became fast friends from the very first, and to Vera's delight Jock, her hound, exhibited a strong canine affection for me. True, faithful old Jock! I never saw any dog so human in its affection for its owner, and separated from her he would moan continually as though suffering actual pain.

But Wednesday came at last and the two o'clock express whirled me away once more from my dear old home. At Victoria Station we met our escort, a friend of Fraulein Von Hertzel's, and most kind. But her face when she saw Jock was a study. I thoroughly enjoyed our long journey by the Queenborough, Flushing and Dusseldorf route, but my poor little Vera suffered terribly from sleeplessness. The poor child was very delicate and distractible. I was the only one who knew what intense pain she had hidden under the light laugh she uttered.

Wednesday, October 1.—We entered our own town in the soft gray dawn of an August morning, and if I close my eyes I can see once again the waving linden and queer old houses and hear Vera's soft laugh as we passed through the still sleeping streets.

Before I go any further I suppose I ought to say something about our belongings. Vera

is a certain and speedy cure for Cataract, Cataract in the Head and Cataract in the Eyes.

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cataract, Cataract in the

of all people, do not want to make me miserable! They are coming here for Easter. Let us wait till then—they will learn to know him then, and he will not seem such a perfect stranger as if he were to go now."

So her sweet pleading won me over, perhaps all the easier as I too had reason to love the memory of that day. A new look came into the fair face, giving it a depth and womanliness I had never seen before. But no one seemed to notice that she was growing thin, and her beautiful eyes began to shine too brightly, and how very, very easily she grew tired. But once or twice when I asked her if she felt strong and well, she looked at me in astonishment, and flinging her arms around my neck, laughed and said "You dear, worried, old pose, of course I am. I am too happy to be ill!"

So the days passed away. The snow began to melt in the warm spring sunshine, while the birds' songs filled the air with the joyful tidings that winter was over and past.

Whose hand dealt the bitter blow we never learned. Someone must have known and noticed the Baron von Steinschloss' devotion, for one May morning Fraulein von Herzfeld received an anonymous letter and all was discovered. In spite of Vera's prayers and entreaties, Fraulein wrote at once to Colonel Kennedy and told him all. My poor, poor bird! She came to me with a white, set face and whispered hoarsely, "Oh, Flö! Flö! help me to be brave! What shall I do? If father says no, it will kill me."

And there flashed through my mind a sentence from one of Mr. Kennedy's letters to me. "You cannot know what a relief it is to me to hear what a kind friend you are to our darling. I have dreaded unspeakably having to send her away from me, for she is so delicate, so acutely sensitive that any fretting or grief might prove most serious." And my heart beat with a strange dread as I caught the little sobbing figure in my arms and tried to comfort her.

It came at last. Colonel Kennedy telephoned to Fraulein von Herzfeld to say he was *en route* and would be at the Krone Hotel early on the following Wednesday, and Vera was to be ready to return with him at once. I wrote to Baron von Steinschloss to let him know and waited anxiously for the colonel's arrival. He came about eleven, a stern, soldierly man, whose iron will was written on his face. He was a long time with Fraulein, and Vera, with a crimson spot on each cheek, walked restlessly up and down our room in silent misery. At last she was summoned. I did not learn till long after the details of that meeting, how in spite of tears and entreaties, Colonel Kennedy refused everything—even a last farewell. What his reason was, if he had any, no one knew, but he seemed to hate Baron von Steinschloss as only men of his temperament can hate the thing or person who thwarts their will. Vera was carried up to me nearly fainting and I saw at once she had failed. God grant I may never witness such intense agony. At last I could bear it no longer and after our "Abendessen" I drove to the Krone Hotel to find that Colonel Kennedy had dismissed Baron von Herzfeld at once in the morning. I don't know what I said but at last the strong man fairly quailed before me and I bore back a mitigation of the first sentence. They were to have one more interview at which I was to be present, for three years they were to hold no communication, either direct or indirect, and if at the end of that time they were both still of the same mind Colonel Kennedy would reconsider the matter.

I sent off a hurried note to the baron by one of the hotel commissioners and was answered in person by Graf Traumfels, a lieutenant in our regiment, Otto's greatest friend and my fiance.

"Von Steinschloss got four days' leave, gone off, no one knows where, and his leave brought your note to me."

"What can we do? I never thought of that."

"Poor fellow, he was nearly crazy when he came to me. The Herr Colonel Kennedy had insulted him in every way possible. He called him no honorable man, a German fortune-hunter, a despicable coward and Himmel knows what else. I have telegraphed wherever I think of Tax heart, Liebchen, he may come back in time."

But he never came and when I told Bird she gave one sigh as if her heart were broken last. "It is all over now—he will never come back. Do you remember that first night?" she continued, with a sad smile. "When I told you he could never forgive an insult, my poor proud Otto!" She was too ill to do her pretty frocks, and with tearful eyes I folded her in through the open window. "Otto, the sleigh bells! Father, forgive us!"

He was with her to the last. It was a lovely calm Sunday evening and the church bells were ringing for service. The setting sun poured his crimson rays upon the lovely face and lit up the room in dying splendor. She was in Otto's arms, but appeared scarcely conscious. The chime of the bells floated in through the open window. "Otto, the sleigh bells! Father, forgive us!"

The broken hearted man kissed the hand he held with a groan. Otto had called up his iron will and appeared quite calm, speaking loving words to her every now and then, but I could see by his face how terrible was the strain. Suddenly she raised herself in his arms and her eyes gazed at us all in turn, but rested last on the face she had loved so well. "Good-bye," she whispered. "Otto, one kiss, hold me in love till I am past. Auf Wiedersehen, Beliebte, in Gottes Himmel!"

A little fluttering sigh, her head fell on Otto's breast, and the sweet spirit had returned to God, almost unstained by its eighteen short years of earthly pilgrimage.

I see Otto every day, for Graf Traumfels and I were married in the summer of that sad year and Otto almost lives with us. He has never married. A week after Vera's death he inherited a large fortune, which even after he had paid his debts left him a rich man. He is much run after in society, but all the love he can spare from his wife is given to his profession and at no distant date his name will rank high in the list of Germany's great soldiers. Jock is well known in Unter den Linden; for instinct leads him to attach himself to the one his dear mistress had loved so well. But the secret of his attachment is too sacred for the world's hard gaze and remains known to only a chosen few.

In the English churchyard at Nice, in a spot where the last rays of the setting sun bathe the pure white marble cross in a golden glow, is the grave of a young English girl. The girl of Nice! How well and love to gather in the summer evenings and tell each other how they can remember seeing the gentle foreigner and her great dog on the Parade, and of the handsome heart-broken lover who comes over every year to visit the grave of his beloved and to pray for the repose of her soul.

It is the fifth anniversary of the English girl's death, and the sun shines on the fair stately head of a handsome man who is kneeling in prayer and sorrow by the flower-covered grave. He lays a wreath of white violets on the green mound and calling to a large dog that had been lying patiently at his side, passes away with bent head into the fast gathering twilight. But the last ray of light hovers over the golden inscription:

In Loving Memory of our only Daughter
VERONICA

Aged Eighteen. February 8, 188—

"She loved much."

OUTRE MER.

A Bootless Excursion.

Twenty-five shoeless passengers lately entered Chicago, after a night trip from St. Paul. They all belonged in the sleeping car which left the latter city. Another sleeping car is usually added at La Crosse, and dropped off at Milwaukee. It is the custom with the porters of the two cars to take the shoes to be cleaned from the forward car to the rear one, where they pleasantly chat while putting on the necessary polish. On the particular night referred to both the porters had been regaled

had broken off every connection with friends that he had known in the old days, as if striving to bury the past forever. Heinrich had in his last letter told me of a rumor that he was on the point of becoming engaged to a daughter of a wealthy Berlin banker, whose only recommendations were *les beaux yeux de sa casquette*. "But," he added, "don't say anything to the Kennedy's, for it probably is only a rumor."

So I journeyed to Vera's lovely northern home, and was grieved at the change the few months had wrought in her. A red, red flush had replaced the pale pink color in her face, telling of dreadful possibilities, and her eyes were larger and brighter than ever with a strange, far-off look in their shining depths. All her old, out-of-door pursuits had been dropped one by one, and as we drove through the village the pitying looks of the inhabitants who worshipped the very ground she trod on, showed their thoughts more plainly than their words. So when the first touch of frost laid its hands on the lovely woods and feather-covered hills, we passed away with our darling to the sunny south and took up our abode at beautiful Nice.

But in spite of all our loving care she was fading away, and soon from walking dally along the Promenade she had to be carried down to her bath-chair. Strangers noticed the change with pitying glances, and Jock's instinct made him walk slowly by her side with a drooping head instead of bounding in front. Christian came and passed, and though she had little to say, the thoughts were back in the old days. On New Year's night, as her chair was drawn to one side of the Promenade so that she could watch the passersby, she turned to me suddenly and said: "What a difference between this day and this day last year. Do you remember how happy we were, and how we could hardly get to the military service at the Johannes Kirche because of the snow? Ah, me! The snow and the sleigh bells, I can hear them now, and oh! my God, it is Otto!"

I thought she must be dreaming, but following the direction of her eyes I saw the tall figure I knew so well. Although so close that we could hear every word he said he never saw us, but continued talking to some ladies, though his smiles and gaiety seemed forced and he looked ten years older. And the joyous light faded from Vera's face as she realized he did not see her, and just as I was stepping forward we heard his answer to the ladies' inquiry, which we had not caught:

"Nun ja, with a carefree shrug: "Ich bin schlaender verlobt." (I am already a long engagement.)

A cry burst from Vera's lips, and he turned round. I saw the old love-light leap into the hazel eyes, but a cry of alarm from our companion attracted my attention, and I saw that the handkerchief Vera raised to her mouth was stained with crimson. We got her home to the hotel, but from that day she never left the room and became rapidly weaker.

One morning I left her alone with her mother. She had been gazing out silently over the sun-bathed sea, when she suddenly turned to Mrs. Kennedy and said, "Mother, don't you think I may see him just once more before I die. I know he would come now when it is so near."

"Hush, my darling, you are better to day and we shall soon bring back your old self."

"No, sweet mother, never again in this life. Do not try to keep me, for I do not want to live. He was my all and now that he is taken from me life is too dark and dreary. But I should be happier if I could say good-bye to him and tell him that I was here through all."

So that night, a sad, urgent telegram went speeding north to gay Berlin.

"Von Steinschloss got four days' leave, gone off, no one knows where, and his leave brought your note to me."

"What can we do? I never thought of that."

"Poor fellow, he was nearly crazy when he came to me. The Herr Colonel Kennedy had insulted him in every way possible. He called him no honorable man, a German fortune-hunter, a despicable coward and Himmel knows what else. I have telegraphed wherever I think of Tax heart, Liebchen, he may come back in time."

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rather freely with traveling flasks. They fell asleep over the shoes, and when the car was dropped off at Milwaukee two porters and all shoes belonging to the people in the forward car were dropped off too.

Testing the Clerks.

I was in a book store in Nassau street a few weeks ago, talking about a new etching of Lowell, when a tall, gaunt youth rushed in, watch in hand, and so out of breath that he stammered.

"Mr. M.—Mr. Pliny wants this book immediately, so that he can take it with him when he goes on the 4:30 train"; and the youth handed the dealer a slip of paper on which was written, "The Life of Adam's Father; bound in half cloth."

"We haven't it in stock now, but you can get it at Scribner's," said Mr. M.—at the same time winking slyly at me, and adding, as the youth sped out into the street:

"That is the way — Sons, the bankers, test the brilliancy of their new clerks. The Life of Adam's Father has been in existence as a joke these fifteen years, and one clerk sought for it four hours before he found—not the book, but that he was a dull fool." —The Critic.

Why the Bookkeeper Sto'e.

He had a wife. His salary was \$2,500 per annum.

But she complained.

She wanted a better house.

Better clothes.

Nothing fit to go out in.

No country cottage.

No marriage.

No friends.

No society.

She coveted a place on the ragged edge of the select five hundred.

She kept it up.

Night and day.

And moaned and groaned and wept.

He lacked style, also.

As well as new clothes every six weeks and various other things.

He knew how his employer made several hundred daily on the street.

A thousand or so would not be missed for a few hours.

So he took it, and went up the street, and won.

She got her seal-skin.

He took more and lost.

More yet.

Defalcation discovered.

He was given the penitentiary check.

Others are going too.

He is a modest room up two pairs of back stairs than a cell in Gilbert's jail.

And a plain woolen jacket rather than a pair of prison uniform pants on poor Charlie's legs.

Changed His Mind.

Senior partner—Look here, Mr. Sheeply, the first of January you came to me and said you

were thinking seriously of getting married, and on the strength of that I gave you a raise in your salary. What's the matter? Aren't you going to get married?

Sheeply—No, sir. I thought so seriously of it that I concluded I wouldn't.

"Let's Talk About the Weather."

Blaine—Please explain why you killed those eleven Italians.

Nichols—Nice day, isn't it?

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address Correspondence Columns SATURDAY NIGHT Office.)

Bettina—See answer to Whip.

Whip—Q-tations are not studied.

Charles—Lather Lather with salt and water and don't stop at a single wash.

Charles—J. F. Green Military Tailor, King St., will give you the information you require for.

Vivian—Q-tations not studied, send an original letter.

Apple Sauce, Plum Pudding and Little Bows Jugs—Studies are too immature. Your characters aren't sufficiently formed, and little girls.

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Fine : :
Hand Made
Wall Papers

WE ARE showing a beautiful selection of English, French and American Hand-made Wall Papers in color and gold effects, which for real value cannot be surpassed. The designs are not to be seen elsewhere, and the prices are very moderate. An immense variety of Sanitary Washable Papers from 18c. per roll.

ELLIOTT & SON 94 and 96
Bay Street

DRESDEN

MISS JOYCE receives into her house young ladies wishing to study Languages, Music or Painting. German lady beautifully situated.

Renaissance—Jacob Bright, Esq., M.P., 31 St. James's Place, London; Rev. Dr. Little, Boston, U.S.A.

TERMS \$50 per Month.

Address Richenbach Strasse, 11, DRESDEN, Germany.

Freehold Loan and Savings Company DIVIDEND 63

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been paid for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next at the office of the Company, Church street. The annual books will be closed from the 17th to 30th May "inclusive. Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the Company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m. on Tuesday, June 2, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc. By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager.

MISS HOLLAND
Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking
112 Yonge Street

Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING
REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND
LOAN AGENTS

18 Victoria Street 147 St. James Street
TORONTO MONTREAL

We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, and purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.

Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few samples of selected.

ARTISTIC HOMES
BORDEN STREET, NO. 73—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, 10 rooms, bath, &c., hot and cold water, furnace, full size concrete cellar, two gas grates. Very desirable modern house, thoroughly well built. Excellent locality. Easy terms. Price \$1,250.

LOOR STREET EAST—A FINE SEMI-DETACHED, solid brick house, comprising 10 rooms, all modern improvements, heated by furnace, basement, lawn in front with deep lot and garden. Fine newly built stable and carriage house, harness and coachman's room, splendid location for a doctor. For full particulars call at office. Price \$10,000.

BUNSWICK AVE., NO. 66—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, stone foundations, 10 rooms, full size cellar, concrete floor. All conveniences, hot air heating, papered down stairs. Price \$5,500.

EMBROKE ST.—A THOROUGHLY FIRST-CLASS detached solid brick house, comprising 10 rooms, with all modern improvements. Well rented. From its close proximity to the Horticultural Gardens this is a most desirable property.

ST. GEORGE STREET—A CHARMINGLY SITUATED, solid brick, semi-detached house, thoroughly comfortable, well-proportioned rooms. All in first-class order, completely heated by furnace, basement, lawn in front with deep lot and garden. Fine newly built stable and carriage house, harness and coachman's room, splendid location for a doctor. For full particulars call at office. Price only \$3,500.

WINDSOR STREET—DETACHED, BRICK CASED, 9 rooms, bath and all modern conveniences, lane at side and rear. Cheap if sold at once.

Our printed catalogue containing a full list of our properties will be sent free to any address.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING
18 Victoria Street

FREE With every dozen of our Cabinets I make a large size Crayon Picture of yourself. Satisfactory expression and artistic pose are some of the features of my work.
LYON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets

Look for Progressive Euchre Presents

AT

BROWN'S, 110 YONGE STREET

Oxidized Card Cases, Match Safes, Car Ticket Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Shopping Tablets

Just the things for Progressive Euchre Parties

Special
Millinery Opening
AT
McKENDRY'S

IN THE most beautiful Showroom in Canada will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next the third Millinery opening of the present season. On Thursday last we received from Paris, France, a case of the very latest productions of French art in Pattern Hats and Bonnets. On these novelties the rage seems to be for gold and silver effects, the entire crown being composed of gold and lace, and trimmed with garnitures of gold and lilac and other colors. As fast as mail steamers carry goods so fast do we keep in touch with the French markets, for after all that's where the world looks to for the correct think in the fashion world. Our prices, which already attract so much attention, are just as small on these goods (usually charged for so very excessively) as on a yard of muslin proportionately. A revelation of beauty and money saving is in store for visitors for the next three days. Those who are afraid of a big crowd should wait till Tuesday as Monday is Bargain Day.

McKENDRY'S
202 YONGE STREET
6 Doors North of Queen

M. STAUNTON & CO.
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
Wall Papers

Of all grades from the lowest priced papers to the highest class of Decorative Hangings. Among the latter are

Japanese Leathers
French Leathers
Lignomur
Lincrusta, &c.

Ingrains with Choice Friezes to Match

WINDOW SHADES
AND IMPORTED

GERMAN LACES AND FRINGES
ROOM MOULDINGS

4 King Street West
Fathers - -
and
- - Mothers

Maybe that boy of yours would be the better of a new suit of clothes? If so, no better place than this to supply the want.

With stock large and styles the newest, selection should be easy here.

T. K. ROGERS
522 Queen St. West TORONTO
Cor. Hackney Street

AN INTERESTING STUDY

FRAGMENTS culled from the Bon Marche's great list of Bargains for next week. A few of the leading attractions to be found in the Glove and Hosiery Department, a pleasant subject for your consideration:

Beautiful French Kid Gloves, black and colored, 4-button length, choice assortment of shades.
50c., worth 75c.

LOVELY EVENING SHADES
French Kid Gloves, Pink, Cream and Blue Shades, 4-button length.
25c., worth 75c.

Ladies, Misses and Children's Underwear from the tiniest infant's size to the ladies' extra large O. S.
Our ladies' Boltonian vest at 10c. is really worth 20c.

STAINLESS DYE
Hosiery, positively indestructible Black for Gent's, Ladies, Misses and Children, manufactured specially for us. Ask to see them.

Ladies' stainless dye, very fine Cotton Hose, 25c., worth 40c.; extra fine Lisle Thread, warranted stainless dye.
50c., worth 75c.

20 CTS. A PAIR
or 6 pairs for one dollar of our Gent's Indestructible Black fine Cotton
HALF HOSE

Ladies' fine Cashmere Hose, only 25c a pair. Our line of

3 pairs for \$1
is positively worth 50c a pair

35 CTS. A PAIR
or 3 pairs for one dollar of our Gent's extra fine stainless dye Lisle Thread
HALF HOSE

Gent's Fine Kid Gloves, from the best French makers. A choice walking glove, all shades, 75c., worth \$1. Our \$1 celebrated Suede Driving Gloves is a gem. Every pair warranted.

We might go on "ad infinitum" quoting bargains as above, but space, that very necessary adjunct to successful advertising, limits us. Note carefully the above goods. They are worthy of your consideration, and remember the above is only a partial list of our bargains for next week.

THE BON MARCHE - 7 & 9 King Street East

Grand's Repository
TORONTO

As previously advertised, our next large

SPECIAL SALE OF

High-Class Horses

TAKES PLACE

Tuesday and Wednesday of Next Week

May 5 and 6

All the horses will be on exhibition at the Repository Saturday next, and from 2 p.m. until 6 o'clock they will be shown in harness, and the saddle horses and hunters shown under saddle and over hurdles.

100 of Canada's Choicest Horses

on exhibition, including several splendid four-in-hands. Intending purchasers are respectfully invited to be present.

Temporary sickness and want of condition prevented a large proportion of these horses from being presented at our great annual spring sale. They will now be sold, possibly without reserve, to the highest bidders.

Sale each day at 10.30 sharp.

W. D. GRAND
Proprietor and Auctioneer

THE BEST



THE NORTHERN QUEEN
PAT'D OCT 25TH 86
THE FASTEST WORKER IN USE
KELLEWELL, TORONTO.

BUY ONE
PRICE 25¢

This is the Only Genuine Perforated Washboard

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

MANUFACTURED BY

Taylor, Scott & Co.
TORONTO

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS

N. ROONEY

Having decided to retire from the dry goods business, now offers his

LARGE WHOLESALE STOCK

FOR SALE BY RETAIL

The stock comprises

Table Linens, Tablecloths, Napkins, Towellings, Towels, Plain and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Lace Curtains, White and Embroidered Quilts, Black Silks, Black Cashmeres, Black Crapes, Sheetings, Pillow Linens, Pillow Cottons, Etc., Etc.

This week will show 5,000 pairs Lace Swiss Curtains fully 33 1/3 % under regular wholesale prices

N. ROONEY - - 62 Yonge Street

CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON

The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



BODY AND SPRINGS
HAVE
No Connection
WITH
SHAFTS

Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.

CHARLES BROWN & CO.
6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

elections, and Mr. Boswell still remains the Commodore, supported by a band of energetic and painstaking committeeen.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Blackwood gave a large theater party. Among those invited were Mrs. Bain, the Misses Beardmore, Mr. Beardmore, Mr. Mathews and others.

Among those present at Miss Wilkie's tea given last Saturday afternoon were noticed Miss Small, Miss Dawson, Miss Brough, Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Bain, Mrs. Macdougall, the Misses Todd, Dickson and Yarker, and Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Mathews, Mr. James Thorburn and Mr. Vankoughnet. The rooms were tastefully decorated with a profusion of beautiful roses.

It is rumored that Mrs. J. K. Kerr may shortly open her house to the members of the Toronto Riding and Driving Club and their friends. Those who enjoyed Mrs. Kerr's delightful hospitality last year will look forward to a repetition of it with great pleasure.

On Thursday and Friday of this week a bazaar was held at St. James' school house in aid of the organ fund. All the week fair dames and damsels with busy hands and deft fingers were hard at work preparing their stalls and tables, and the result has been most creditable. Stalls covered with pretty and useful articles, tempting sweetmeats and beautiful flowers were tended by fair saleswomen whom the sterner sex found it hard to resist. A maypole, gipsy tent and a concert room with dramatic and musical entertainments were added to the other attractions.

Wholesale Dry Goods at Retail.

Mr. N. Rooney, wholesale dry goods merchant, having decided to retire from business, is now offering his stock for sale by retail. Ten thousand pairs of Belgian and Swiss lace curtains of really handsome patterns will, beginning Monday next, be retailed at less than usual wholesale prices.

MARRIAGES.

FANNY DAVENPORT.

Signature.

WRITES:

PROVIDENCE, April 7, 1889.

MY DEAR MADAM.—Purely by accident one day in Chicago I bought a pot of your Recamier Cream and on trying it found it the most delightfully refreshing thing I have ever applied to my skin. Most assuredly you have made a marvelous discovery, and one and all of our sex should heartily thank you. I find it not only a refreshing, softening article for skin at night, but for the day use also. Please send me some of the Balm and another jar of the Cream to the Brunswick, Boston, and believe me,

Very thankfully,

FANNY DAVENPORT.

To Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

Recamier Cream, \$1.50 per Jar

A Perfect Remedial Agent for the Skin.

Endorsed by the Highest Authorities.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices.

DENSOLINE

(Pure Petroleum Jelly.)
(SUPERIOR TO VASELINE)
The great skin healer and beautifier of the complexion.

NATURE'S HEALING OINTMENT

= USE =

Gold Seal Densoline for Rough Skin
Cold Cream Densoline for the Complexion
Densoline Toilet Soap, made from Pure
Petroleum Jelly, a perfect cure for all
Skin Affections

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

MANUFACTURED BY

AMERICAN OIL CO.

29 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

Small samples can be obtained free of charge by applying
at office.

DENTISTRY.

C. A. RISK

Graduate and Medalist of Royal College of
Dental Surgeons.

First-class patronage solicited.

Over "The Bell," 86 Yonge St., near King

Open evenings.

H. D. BOYES

DENTIST

Room 26 Yonge St. Market, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST

Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.

14 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 3265

D. R. CAPON

18 Carlton Street

L. D. S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D. D. S., Philadelphia;

M. D. S., New York.

W. M. MILLS, L. D. S., D. D. S., Dentist

North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert

Street, Toronto.

D. R. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist

335 College Street

Telephone 2278. Toronto

D. R. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon

Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.

Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

J. G. ADAMS

DENTIST

346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Tel. No. 3064.

Pike's Piano Polish

OLD FURNITURE MADE NEW

Without labor by the use of

P. P. P.

Easily applied, dries quickly, and leaves a permanent
polish which does not smear or finger-mark.

A Trial is Sufficient to Establish Its Merits

Bingham's Pharmacy

100 YONGE STREET

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MCNAIR—At Cheraw, South Carolina, on April 25, Mrs.

John T. McNair—a son.

MACKLEM—On April 27, Mrs. O. R. Macklem—a son, still-born.

DECOEUR—At Toronto, on April 25, Mrs. D. R. Decour—a daughter.

DENISON—At Toronto, on April 25, Mrs. Charles L. Denison—a son.

CAIRNS—At Toronto, on April 25, Mrs. Y. H. Cairns—a daughter.

TOMES—At Toronto, on April 21, Mrs. T. Guay—a son.

KERSTEIN—At Toronto, on April 18, Mrs. William Kerstein—a daughter.

PETRIE—At Toronto, on April 21, Mrs. H. W. Petrie—a daughter.

TOWNSEND—On April 22, Mrs. Charles Jarvis Townsend—a daughter.

CHICK—At Toronto, on April 21, Mrs. W. J. Chick—a daughter.

MCKENZIE—At Malton, Ont., on April 19, Mrs. Kenneth

McKenzie—a daughter.

SHAW—At Hamilton, on April 22, Mrs. G. M. Shaw—a daughter.

UPTON—At Toronto, on April 19, Mrs. Fred. E. Upton—a daughter.

WILSON—At Toronto, on April 21, Mrs. A. D. Perry—a son.

LAWRENCE—At Bradford, on April 18, Mrs. Robert M. Lawrence—a son.

GOODERHAM—At Toronto, on April 22, Mrs. George H. Gooderham—a son.

KIRKWOOD—At Toronto, on April 19, Mrs. Alexander Kirkwood—a daughter.

NORDHEIMER—At Gliedeth, on April 26, Mrs. Nordheimer—a daughter.

BEALE—HUTTY—At Toronto, on St. George's day, Captain Percy Beale to Annie E. Hutt.

JEANDRON—RUTLEDGE—At Toronto, on April 23, William J. Jeandon to Ade Rutledge.

DEAN—FRANKS—At Weston, on April 21, James R. Dennis to Alice Anna Franks.

SPILLETT—ALLES—At Toronto, on April 22, Spilletto to Florence Alles of Berlin.

NIXON—GERLACH—At Suspension Bridge, on April 22, Cyril Nixon to Helena Wilhelmina Gerlach.

COOK—HUNTER—At Wexford, on April 22, A. B. Cook to Sarah E. Hunter.

STONE—TIDEY—At Toronto, on April 20, R. Stone to Jennie Tidey.

MCFAUL—CAINE—At Toronto, on April 8, M. B. McFaul to Mary E. McCabe.

NORTON—CHRISTIAN—At Toronto, on April 27, William John Norton to Elizabeth Christian.

CORBET—PRINGLE—At Cornwall, on April 27, Frederick D. Corbet to Annie Mosey Pringle.

STUART—ARMOUR—At Toronto, on April 22, Alfred W. Stuart to Martha Armour.

Deaths.

HOLLAND—At Toronto, on April 20, Arthur H. Holland, aged 16 years.

HORNE—At Toronto, on April 20, Stephen Horne, aged 28 years.

LAWRENCE—At Bradford, on April 10, infant son of Robt. M. and Florence M. Lawrence.

MOSFAR—At Toronto, on April 21, Alexander J. Moffat.

MURRAY—At Barrie, on April 21, Sarah Parker, aged 78 years.

SWITTER—At Toronto, Elin Switter, aged 42 years.

WHITE—At Woodstock, on April 20, Margaret Veitch White.

BATTERSBY—At Port Dover, on April 21, Mary Batterby, aged 81 years.

RANDOLPH—At Toronto, Mrs. Everline Randolph.

ARMSTRONG—At Toronto, on April 25, Lavina Jane Armstrong, aged 22 years.

CREAGH—At Toronto, on April 27, Mary Creagh, aged 67 years.

CRITCHLEY—At Calgary, N. W. T., on April 25, Cecil M. Critchley.

DYE—At Toronto, on April 26, John Dye, aged 16 years.

PALLET—At Mimico, on April 27, John Ames Pallet, aged 76 years.

TEES—At Toronto, on April 26, Edith Grace, infant daughter of Joseph and Edith Tees.

YOUNG—At Peterborough, on April 23, John Stinson Young, aged 75 years.

SHAW—At Tillamore, on April 27, Sarah Shaw, aged 84 years.

STRONG—At Toronto, on April 25, William Oldman Strong, aged 38 years.

MANNELL—At Toronto, on April 26, James Mannell, aged 76 years.

WALCOTT—At Toronto, on April 25, Margaret Metcalf Wallace, aged 61 years.

ADDISON—At Toronto, on April 25, Francis McIlroy, infant son of Fred and Minnie Addison.

MAGGILLIVRAY—At Duntroun, on April 23, Duncan MacGillivray, aged 49 years.

NICOOL—At Toronto, on April 22, William Nicol, aged 88 years.

NICOL—At Sutton West, James E. Nicol, aged 26 years.

JOY—At Barrie, on April 22, Henry Joy, aged 61 years.

OXENHAM—Accidentally drowned in Burlington Bay, Fred C. Oxenham, aged 20 years.

TRY

SIMCOE

GRATED

PUMPKIN

CANNING CO.'S

MAKES DELICIOUS

PUMPKIN PIES

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone

And our machines are now cleaning the costly carpets and

fine rugs for the ladies of Toronto.

SPECIAL.—We would like to call to your attention

and how the work is done. Our business is strictly carpet

cleaning, fitting, laying, etc., so that we give our whole

time and attention to the work. Open all the year. Capacity

3,000 yards daily. Grease spots removed when ordered

to do so only. Orders called for and returned to any part

of the city. We have a large force of men, and our work

is done in a very prompt and satisfactory manner.

Those taking up residence in the country may leave them

with us until their return. Send for price list. We have

in stock Messel's Methylene Carpet Lining and Excelsior

Stair Pads.

Orders taken at 170 King Street West, 358½ Yonge Street,

278 Queen Street West, 480 Queen Street West, 1,112 Queen

Street West, Parkdale.

The Toronto Carpet Cleaning Works

Head Office 44 Lombard Street. Telephone 2088.

A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS., Proprs.

101 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street.

101 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street.